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FEATURE STORY

WHEN the CLOCK STRUCK 13

BY DR. HARRY ENTON

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TAKE NOTICE!

On account of the pressmen's strike in New York, we are compelled to issue this number in its present form. As soon as the difficulty is adjusted, the normal appearance of this weekly will be resumed.—The Publisher.

WE MAY BE LATE ON THE NEWSTANDS, BUT WE WILL BE OUT.

WHEN THE CLOCK STRUCK 13

By DR. H. ENTON.

CHAPTER I.

The imposing residence of Amos Throckmorton, retired merchant and capitalist, standing on an eminence about a quarter of a mile from the Mott avenue subway station was one of the handsomest in the Bronx. And at six o'clock in the evening of May twenty-third a few years ago, it was just beginning to show the glitter of electric lights through the half drawn curtains and portieres that heralded the approach of the evening meal.

Dawson, the old butler, who had been for years regarded as a fixture of the establishment, peered through a side window of the hallway and caught sight of a young man advancing up the curving pathway and at once hastened to open the door.

"Good evening, Mr. Frederick," he said, with a low bow. The young man was a nephew of the proprietor, and in the judgment of the old butler was regarded with far more favor than was accarded George Throckmorton, his cousin True, they were related to the capitalist in the same degree, being the sons of deceased brothers, and report had it that they were to be joint heirs of the great fortune that he would leave behind when he departed from this world. But there was a vast difference in the characters of the two cousins.

Frederick was the kind to curry favor with his uncle, a good man, but inclined to be headstrong and impatient of opposition. Frederick agreed with him in everything, and even was small enough to invent arguments to strengthen the uncle's propositions, thus flattering the conceit of the opinionated old fellow, and very naturally inclining him to regard the small souled nephew with unusual favor. George Throckmorton was the exact opposite of his cousin, and being gifted with a fair degree of controversial ability, he did not fail to assert himself when his uncle laid down a proposition to which he did not concur. These matters were known to the servants, and it was common gossip among them that if Mr. George didn't "watch his step" he would find himself cut out of the will. However, the sturdy young fellow went his way unconcernedly and happily, for he had two great causes that made for happiness. One was an ability to carve out a career for himself, and the other was that he loved, and was loved in return by the girl who had won his heart.

Frederick Throckmorton handed his hat and gloves to Dawson and then asked in a tone which he tried to render careless and inconsequent, but which shook with the force and effect of some intense emotion.

"Dawson, do you happen to know where my uncle's private secretary is at the present moment?"

"Yes, Mr. Frederick, I saw her go into the library just a moment before you came in, and I'm quite sure that she hasn't come out since."

Frederick cast a swift glance up and down the hallway, bestowed an approving look at his reflection in a tall mirror opposite and then strode swiftly along until he reached the door of the library, which was located at the far end of the passage. Without troubling himself to observe the formality of knocking, he seized the knob, turned it, pushed the door open with a rather violent thrust, and then glanced into the room.

An expression of satisfaction flashed over his face when he caught sight of the bewitchingly beautiful girl who stood by a filing cabinet arranging some papers which she held in her hands, and with a hasty yet skillful movement he succeeded in closing the door so softly that the girl, absorbed in her work, did not even lift her head. With a sigh of

satisfaction, Frederick stood quietly still feasting his eyes on her. He was dark skinned, black haired, and had intensely black eyes, and this radiant blonde, his opposite, had set his blood on fire. And exquisitely pretty as she was in face with her milk and blood complexion, her great sapphire eyes and her glory of massed coppery hair, it was the alluring symmetry of her perfectly moulded form which made his senses swim.

Beatrice Sherwood, who had efficiently served the master of the house for a year or more as his private secretary, finished putting the papers in the filing cabinet, and then turned her head and for the first time became aware that she was not alone.

"Oh, I did not hear you come in, Mr. Throckmorton," she said, inclining her lovely head in a sort of salutation as the young man stepped towards her.

He assumed an expression of reproach.

"'Mr. Throckmorton,'" he echoed. "How very formal. Haven't you known me for over a year?"

"Yes," she admitted, avoiding his burning eyes and regarding a section of the Kermanshah rug with unusual interest.

"Then," he rejoined, "I think you might not find it very difficult to call me Frederick." And he looked pleadingly at her.

"That would be entirely too familiar," she objected, her eyes still intent on the pattern of the rug. Frederick clenched his hands, as though making an effort to control himself.

"And yet," he said, "you do not hesitate to call my cousin by his first name, as has frequently happened in my hearing."

Beatrice did not raise her eyes as she responded:

"Well, you will admit that your cousin is more approachable and far less dignified than yourself, will you not?"

"I suppose that is true," responded Frederick, "but I am sure that I have not been dignified or distant with you. Oh, Beatrice," he exclaimed, carried away with the intensity of the passion this adorable creature aroused, "cannot you see how I regard you? Beatrice, I am thirty years old, and never until my eyes met yours did any woman awaken more than the merest passing interest, but since I have known you I have not known an hour of peace, for your image is constantly before me, and I must know my fate before I leave this room."

It is the simple truth that Beatrice Sherwood was sufficiently taken by surprise that she was unable to stem the torrent of protestations that poured with irresistibale force from the lips of the young man.

"And, dearest Beatrice, all that I have and all that I shall have in the future I lay at your feet, and ask you to honor me by becoming my wife."

With an effort, she withdrew the hands he was covering with kisses, and regarded him with pitying eyes.

"Mr. Throckmorton," she softly said, and at the formal address Frederick was unable to repress a start, "you have paid me the highest compliment a man can pay a woman, but I regret that I must give you the pain of a refusal. I cannot tell you how sorry I am."

Frederick arose to his feet, and his eyes instinctively sought the forefinger of her right hand, and there, for the first time, he saw that she wore a handsome solitarie ring. He nodded his head comprehendingly.

"That, then, is an engagement ring?" he asked.

"Yes," she responded, with a toss of her lovely head, as though she gloried in the statement of her betrothal. "I became the affianced of your cousin more than a week ago."

The color receded from his face as Frederick heard the acknowledgement and a sickly, greenish tinge crept into his cheeks and a baleful glitter into his extremely black eyes as he bowed to the girl.

"Well, a good man has won you, and that is some solace," he managed to say, although it was an effort. "I wish you every joy and happiness."

The expressino of good will was all that the girl could have asked for, and in view of the circumstances much more than she could have reasonably expected. But could she have seen Frederick Throckmorton's face as he turned away from the library door it would have struck a chill to her heart, for the man's dark countenance was fairly convulsed with passion. His hands opened and closed with an intense clasp, as though the fingers held the throat of an enemy within their grasp, and is breath came and went with a labored sound.

"Damn him!" he muttered, fairly quivering with the intensity of rage. "He has taken from me the only woman who ever touched my heart."

Prudence warned him that the dinner bell would soon ring, and that his deeply agitated appearance at the table would be likely to excite comment. So with a strong effort he controlled himself and ascended the stairs to his room. Ten minutes later when he descended to the dinnig room and met his uncle, his cousin, George, and Beatrice Sherwood, at the table all indications of the emotional storm through which he had so lately passed had disappeared. He addressed a very respectful salutation to the master of the house, a well preserved man of about sixty, and nodded affably to George, and all through the long and elaborate meal maintained his share of the conversation, in which Amos Throckmorton led, as was usual, Frederick supporting whatever arguments his uncle advanced, and George, true to his independent nature, as frequently combatting them a procedure which finally brought a flush of annoyance to Amos' cheeks.

"Positively, George," he finally said, frowning, "it seems that you and I never agree on any subject whatsoever. You are certainly a very obstinate and strong willed young man."

Beatrice could not avoid smilinng faintly at this for the characterization fitted the speaker, exactly, a truth of which, naturally, he was totally unaware. George's smile was a duplicate of that which had appeared on the face of his betrothed.

"I am very sorry, uncle," he rejoined, "but while I respect your opinions I want to have my own respected, too. I do not desire to be a mere echo." He shot a meaning glance at Frederick as he uttered the words, and his cousin colored and looked down at his plate. "However, uncle," he continued, "I am sure that you will be pleased to hear that I have an opportunity to embark in a business that looks very promising, and it will put a temporary end to our controversaries, for the needs of the business will require that I should live near my office."

The uncle's grim face softened at this, and he extended his hand to George, wishing him every success in the venture, and expressing a regret that he felt it necessary to leave the house.

"I suppose we are both a bit hasty and obstinate," he rather grudgingly said to his smilingnephew, "but I'll admit that your independence of thought is very becoming, and I know that I shall miss you."

Then they shook hands again, and George excused himself and went in search of the butler, who was found in the kitchen, and whom he requested to bring an empty box, a hammer and nails to his room, as he desired to pack some books which the butler could ship to him when requested.

Ten minutes later George found all that he had asked for, and at once began removing books from a rack and packing them in the box. While he was hammering down a lid Frederick encountered Dawson in the lower hallway and asked the cause of the noise up above.

"Mr. George is packing up some things that he wants shipped away," was the reply of the butler. "I let him have my hammer and took up some nails and a box."

"Suppose we offer to help him?" suggested Frederick, with an appearance of great good nature.

"Very good, sir," assented Dawson, and together they ascended the stairway and made their way to George's room.

While they had been going up the stairway the front doorbell had rung, and when it was answered by one of the servants he found an agitated and wild eyed young man standing there whom he recognized as a brother of the private secretary.

"My sister!" impetuously burst forth the young man in an qinuiring tone. "Miss Sherwood is in the library, where you have always seen her whenever you called," said the servant. "Go to the end of the hallway and knock at the door that faces you."

Without another word the young man rushed impatiently past the servant and strode swiftly down the passage, and when he reached the library door he did not wait to knock, but opened it hastily, rushed into the room and closed the door behind him. Beatrice was reading under the softened glow of an electric study lamp, and sprang to her feet with an exclamation of alarm when she caught sight of the agitated face of her brother.

Sam Sherwood held a very good position in the office of a brokerage firm, and was in receipt of an excellent salary, but had his income been thrice what it was it would have been insufficient for his needs, for the misguided young man was a gambler, and an unfortunate one at that. Time and again he had frittered away money that he had borrowed with the promise that it should positively be returned by a certain day, and each time Beatrice had been compelled to give up a portion of her savings in response to his pleadings. Not only was he her brother, and loved with an affection that had much that was maternal and protecting in it, but they were orphans, and that fact made her cling to and excuse him time after time. However, his frequent demands had sadly depleted her inconsiderable reserve of cash, and it was with an agitation that almost equalled his own that she now turned inquiringly to him.

"In trouble again, Sam?" she asked.

A groan escaped him, and he shook from head to foot as he turned a haggard pair of eyes on her.

"Yes, and this trouble may finish me," he responded, an

expression of terror creeping into his face. He cast a nervous, hunted glance around the spacious library. "Listen, Beatrice, and I'll make you understand just what kind of a fix I'm in. I don't think you can help me out of it, and as there is nobody else I can turn to I guess it's good-bye for me."

"Oh, Sam, what do you mean? What have you done?"

"I've stolen five thousand dollars!"

He reeled as he gasped out the words, and caught at the back of a chair to save himself from falling, while his sister staggered back as from a blow.

"Tell me all," she pleaded. "I may be able to help you."

"I doubt it," despairingly said Sam. "But here is the miserable story. As you know, I am the deposit clerk for Ferry & Dobbs. This fact is known, of course, to the other clerks in the office, and put an idea into the mind of Richard Drake, whom I have chummed with and always regarded as a faithful friend. It was he who introduced me at a certain poolroom where we have frequently played the races, but I did not know until I got the information today from another party that Drake really was a partner in the concern. He schemed with his partners to fleece me, and they turned the job off in the most approved style.

"Drake dropped a hint a few days ago that he had a very good friend among the horsemen racing at Bowie, and that the latter had a horse that he was preparing at a private track for a certain race, with the idea of making a killing. Drake said it had been agreed between him and his friend that the horse should be spoken of as though named Blue Sky in any telegram that might be sent about the race, and when Drake got a telegram at the office this morning I was eager to see it. He handed it to me with a triumphant smile, saying that he had raised a thousand and was going to bet every cent on the race, and it looked good enough, for the telegram announced that Blue Sky had worked a mile, the distance of the race, in 1:40, and I knew that there was nothing running on that track to beat the time.

"This was deposit day, as Drake well knew, and he told me that he was sure that the horse, whose name he would not give me at the right time, would not be less than twelve to one. He urged me to play the deposit and fix myself for life.

"I stood out against him, saying that the five thousand was not my money, and he was clever enough not to urge me, but shrewdly begged me to accompany him to the poolroom, at the same time giving me the right name of the horse. I went along, firmly resolved to do right, but when I saw him wager a thousand dollars with his secret partners at fifteen to one the temptation was too great and I staked the entire deposit, feeling sure that seventy-five thousand dollars was to be won. Oh, why dwell in the matter, wherein I was only a miserable dupe? The horse lost, and I fell on the floor of the poolroom in a deep faint. Beatrice, unless you can help me in this trouble I shall have to make my choice between prison and suicide!"

Ashen faced and trembling he stood before her, and the devoted, terrified girl took her purse from her pocket, stripped off her jewelry, even to the handsome engagement ring, and put all in his hands. Dazedly he counted the money and inspected the jewelry, and then shook his head.

"It is no use, dear girl," he said, "for the whole lot would not make up more than a thousand, and unless I can make good that stolen deposit in two or three days the best thing I can do is to leap into the river."

"But where can I get such a sum?" asked Beatrice despairingly.

"I don't know, but I shall come to you again tomorrow night in the hope that you have found a way out of the difficulty, and if you haven't then the river will save both of us from disgrace."

He rushed from the room, leaving the distracted girl looking blankly at the money and jewelry her brother had put in her hands.

"Oh, this is terrible!" she gasped. "Where shall I turn for help?"

CHAPTER II.

The butler and Frederick had made their offer of assistance to George, but he had thanked them and said that the work was done and the box all ready for shipment. He would send word to the butler where to send it. Then he threw down the hammer, put on his coat, and Frederick left to go to his room while the butler departed for the basement. However, Frederick did not go to his room as he had announced, but seeing George descend the stairs, and guessing the intent in his mind, sneaked slyly down after him, turned from the main lower hallway into a narrow passage that led to a door at the rear of the library, and there admitted himself and took up his station behind the heavy portieres which concealed the rear door. Peering through the portieres he saw Beatrice standing in the middle of the library, her face convulsed with the torture that racked her soul. The other door of the room opened and George came in.

One glance was enough for the eyes of love to read tragedy in the face of the loved one, and with a cry of concern the young man took her in his arms.

"Tell me your troubles," he said, trying to kiss away the tears that lay on her face.

Sympathy is sweet, unlocks the door of the heart, and in broken utterances Beatrice told him of her brother's misdeed and his determination to end it all by a plunge into the river unless the embezzlement of five thousand dollars could be made good before the deficit was discovered.

George thought the matter over a moment, and then his face lighted up with hope.

"Do not despair, dear," he said. "I have never asked my uncle for a favor of any kind, and I do not think that he will refuse if I ask him for this money."

"It will be the means of saving my brother's life!" cried Beatrice. "Dear, dear George, the love and devotion of a lifetime will but feebly repay you."

"Are you not to be my wife?" fondly asked the young man as he pressed his lips again and again to hers. The concealed watcher was maddened as he watched them. "It is uncle's custom to come here into the library to take a drink and read and smoke somewhere about midnight, and then I shall come to him and ask him for the money."

They parted, George to go to his room and there pass the time in reading until his uncle descended to the library in obedience to his nightly custom, and Beatrice to seek her bed with a mind much relieved by the promise of aid that her affianced seemed to regard as a foregone conclusion.

While in his own room Frederick smiled exultantly and whispered:

"It is my chance."

For what seemed an interminable time to him, during which he nervously tried to read without understanding the printed page before him, George sat in his room smoking and waiting to hear the door of his uncle's room open and close, trying to convince himself that the old man would advance the money he needed for Beatrice, yet beset with fears that he might fail to obtain the loan. It was with a sigh of relief that he at length heard the welcome sounds and knew that his uncle had gone downstairs. Summoning up his courage the young man followed and entered the library.

Prudence would have dictated that he approach the matter in hand in a way to conciliate the hot tempered old man, but George was on edge with emotion, and when he faced his uncle in the library he burst forth impetuously:

"Uncle, I want you to lend me five thousand dollars."

His manner at once antagonized Amos Throckmorton, and a flush of anger came to his face.

"Oh, you do, eh?" he cried.

"Yes, uncle."

"Oh, you're going into business, and you think you will do it with my money, is that the little plan?"

"No, it is not," sharply returned George, flaring up as usual at the tone taken by his uncle.

"What do you want it for?"

"To relieve the urgent necessities of a dear friend."

"Indeed! And instead of requesting the loan in a respectful manner you make a demand with the air that shows that you think I will be frightened into giving it to you, but you are mistaken. Why didn't you make the demand with a pistol in your hand?"

"Uncle, you are talking nonsense, and I do not see why you should refuse me the loan I ask for, when it is exactly the amount you let Frederick have a few days ago when he wanted to make an investment."

"That need not concern you "was the angry rejoinder, "for my money is my own to do with as I see fit. When your cousin came to me for the loan he asked for it in respectful manner and told me what use he intended to make of it, which met my entire approval. He did not demand it like a highwayman for some unknown purpose which I might condemn if I knew it."

"Oh, I can surmise how he came to you in his sneaking, sycophantic style and wheedled you out of it," hotly responded George, "but I am not built that way, and will not lick the boots of any man or surrender my manhood and independence if you were ten times the millionaire that you are as well as my intensely conceited uncle."

"Frederick knows how to treat a man like me with respect," heatedly shouted the old man, "but you, you unfeeling young dog have ever taken a delight in opposing my every utterance; your father was the same before you, and you have inherited the antagonism he bore me."

"Leave my father out of the question," shouted George, "for he was the best and most devoted friend I ever had, and a million times better man than you, with your monumental opinion of yourself."

"Go on, go on," raged Amos Throckmorton, his face crimson with passion, "heap all the insults on me that your nature is capable of, but don't think that you can bully me into lending you the money you ask for. Oh, if I were younger and stronger I would teach you a lesson that you would never forget, you impudent young scoundrel."

His voice arose to a frenzied shriek, and he brandished his fist in the face of his equally excited nephew, who carried away on his own part by anger and disappointment, also brandished his fist in the face of the old man and shouted at the top of his voice:

"Keep your money, you unnatural old brute, and may you take every dollar of the amount I ask for in medicine."

And just at that moment, when the faced each other with reddened faces and clenched fists, the door of the library opened, and the face of Dawson, who had been alarmed and attracted to the spot by the loud altercation appeared.

At almost the very same instant the portieres at the rear of the room were slightly parted, and Frederick Throckmorton saw the butler standing inthe main doorway and heard him ask:

"Did you call, sir?"

The uncle and nephew, both somewhat ashamed of their tempers, allowed their upraised fists to fall to their sides, and the old man managed to say to the waiting and evidently astonished butler:

"No, Dawson, I did not call. I was a little excited and may have raised my voice unnecessarily, but I do not need anything."

"Very good, sir," said the well trained servant, and at once turned away from the door, and as he walked away George cast a reproachful glance at his uncle and walked swiftly from the room. Very much upset by the violent scene that he had recently passed through, Amos Throckmorton crossed over to the sideboard, poured out a liberal drink of whiskey from the decanter standing there, Frederick meanwhile watching him from between the slightly parted portieres. Then the agitated old man lit a cigar and sat down at the library table to smoke.

Very muc hexcited, as well as terribly disappointed over his failure to obtain the money his sweetheart needed, George went directly to his room, and came to the decision not to remain another night in the house where he felt that he had been so badly treated. Making his way to the room occupied by Beatrice he knocked at the door and when the girl opened it he told her that his uncle had refused him the loan, and hat they had quarrelled over the matter, and that he felt so hurt that he had decided to leave at once, and would sleep at a hotel downtown.

"But I think I can get the money tomorrow by paying a rather high rate of interest," he said, "for it is commonly understood that I am a joint heir with my cousin to the old man's money, and it will not be difficult to negotiate a loan in the usual way such things are done by presumptive heirs to large estates. I will either send or bring the money to you, dear one."

Then Beatrice tried to dissuade him from leaving his uncle's house, but his mind was made up and she could not move him. With a final lingering embrace they parted, George again asserting that he felt sure that the needed money would be in her hands by the following evening.

In a highly excited frame of mind, and feeling that he had been very unjustly discriminated against, George walked the streets aimlessly for a few minutes and then recognized that he was standing at the entrance of the Mott avenue subway station, to which he had instinctively made his way as the result of a long established daily habit.

Mechanically he entered the station, as one in a dream he bought his ticket, automatically dropped it in the gateman's box, and in the same dazed manner entered a car of a train that had just rolled in, and was whirled away. In a maze of thoughts he sat motionless in his seat until the train reached the Brooklyn Bridge station, and then he came out of his reverie and made his way out of the car. He gave himself a shake to dispel his brooding and collect his thoughts, and then decided to pass the night at a hotel on Broadway.

As he was crossing the City Hall Park the clock in City Hall began to strike, and George took out his watch and looked at the time. He saw that the hands indicated midnight, and in a detached way began to count the strokes that were ringing out from the tower.

"Can it be possible?" he said, musingly. "Yes, I am quite positive that I have not made a mistake."

At that moment his gaze rested on two policemen who were standing talking together rather excitedly a half dozen yards from him, and George at once walked up to them.

"Did you two officers think you noted anything unusual just now when the clock struck midnight?" he asked.

Instantly the two policemen turned squarely to him, and they both spoke at once and uttered the same words:

"Did you?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"Well," rather reluctantly replied George, feeling that he was stating a rather improbable belief, "I thought that the clock struck thirteen!"

But to his great satisfaction the two policemen at once nodded as thought in confirmation of his words.

"That's what I thought," said one.

"And I am sure about it," affirmed the other. "You see, sir, it's a sort of a habit with me to count the strokes when the old clock strikes, and this time I was sure that she struck one extra. I was just talking to my side partner here about the matter when you came along, and he said that he thought he counted thirteen, too, but that there must be something wrong with us, and now you come and say the same thing, so I think it's not likely that we all three committed the same blunder, and that the clock realy did strike thirteen."

Thanking the officers for their courtesy, George passed on his way.

Shortly after this had taken place the old butler came to a pause in the lower hallway of the Throckmorton mansion and consulted the face of his watch. Then he ascended the stairs to his master's room and knocked gently upon the door. There was no response, and Dawson knocked again. Still there was no answer from within, and with his nightly purpose of asking if anything further was required of him, Dawson opened the door.

One glance was sufficient to show him that the room was empty and that the bed had not been disturbed.

"He's probably dropped off asleep in the library," muttered the butler, and at once made his way down-stairs with the idea of awakening his master and assisting him up to his bed.

He opened the door of the library and peered into the room.

He saw Amos sitting in the chair by the library table, sunk so low down in the seat that the back of his head rested against the back of the chair, while his legs extende dfar under the table. Something in the man's attitude dispelled the idea that this were merely slumber, and with a hasty step Dawson crossed to the old man's side.

Then he saw that there was blood upon his master's face, that his arms hung limply at the side of the chair, and a groan of horrified surprise surprise burst from his lips when the saw that the top of his master's head was crushed in, and he knew that he was looking at a dead man.

Instantly his loud cries rang through the house, and a moment later the other servants rushed into the room, followed within a couple of minutes by Frederick and Beatrice.

"Mr. Throckmorton has been murdered!" shouted the excited butler, and the servants threw up their hands in amazement at the statement, while Beatrice, to whom Amos had been a considerate and liberal employer, burst into tears. Frederick seemed to sob aloud, and made a liberal application of his handkerchief to his eyes, presenting the picture of one overwhelmed with grief.

The butler was the first to recover command of himself, and sent a servant for the family physician, who lived near at hand, despatched another to summon the police. Less than fifteen minutes later the family physician and a detective walked into the library. The doctor made a cool examination and then turned and addressed the waiting company.

"The man is dead!" he announced.

Then the detective, prompted by the instincts of his profession, asked the very obvious question under the circumstances:

"How long would you say he has been dead, doctor?"

"Well," returned the medical man, taking up one of the pendent arms and bending it at the elbow, "as the rigor mortis, or death chill, has not yet set in, I can state with reasonable certainty that the man has not been dead an hour."

The detective glanced at his watch.

"It is now half-past twelve," he said, "speaking from your knowledge and experience, doctor, at what time, approximately, would you say this man was murdered, for murder it evidently is."

"I should say that he was attacked at midnight," was the reply.

"That is a satisfactory answer," said the detective, and then he turned to the wide-eyed group: "All of you get out of the room except the doctor, but keep within call until I am through with you."

A moment later the detective and the doctor were the sole living occupants of the room, and then the sleuth began a systematic examination of the library, assisted by the physician.

The operative noticed that the right hand of the dead man was clenched very tightly, while the left hand was open. Kneeling he seized the fingers of the right and forced them

open. A button dropped from the forcibly opened fingers, and the detective picked it up and called the attention of the doctor to it.

"This was tightly clenched in his right hand, doctor," he said, "and it was held with a death grip."

The button was placed in the physician's hand, and he regarded it with a long and intent scrutiny.

"Notice anything peculiar about it, doctor?" queried the detective.

"Yes. It is covered with cloth of a pattern that is known to the tailors under the name of a pinchneck, and was no doubt made from the same piece of cloth that was used in making a suit. I have more than one patient who indulges in the fancy to have the buttons on their made-to-order clothing done in this way."

"Exactly," assented the detective. "I know some men who do the same thing."

Then, while the doctor ben over him and watched closely, the detective showed the medical man that there were no buttons missing from the coat or vest of the dead man, and, moreover, that the pattern of his clothing was distinctly unlike the pinchneck covering of the rescued button.

"Which leaves but one thing to infer," asserted the doctor, and that is that the button you found tightly grasped in Mr. Throckmorton's right hand was torn from the coat of his assailant."

"Without doubt," was the rejoinder of the sleuth. "When I find a man wearing the coat that this cloth-covered button matches I shall be able to put my hand on the perpetrator of this crime."

"That is my belief," assented the physician, and then he caught sight of something lying under the table, and stooping down clutched and arose with a hammer in his hand.

"That is the instrument with which the deed was accomplished," said the doctor, "and I want to call your attention to three gray hairs on it."

"And now we have two highly important clues," said the detective, "which should render it a comparatively easy matter to run the criminal to earth. I'll take possession of them."

He put the button in his vest pocket and carefully placed the hammer in an inside coat pocket.

Then, assisted by the physician, he made a very careful search of the room, but discovered nothing more that shed any light on the crime. When his search was completed he opened the library door and summoned all those persons waiting in the hallway into the room. He selected the butler first to question.

"You are the butler?"

"Yes, and Mr. Throckmorton's personal attendant."

"When did you see him last alive?"

"When he came down from his room into the library, as was his usual custom somewhere about midnight for a drink and a smoke."

"And when you next saw him he was lying dead in the chair as he is now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now tell me if you know that he had any enemy?"'

"No, sir, not unless—"

And then the butler came to a pause, for it flashed over his mind that was was on his tongue would place George, whom he worshipped, in a most terrible light.

"Unless what?' 'demanded the detective.

Dawson swallowed hard, but the detective sternly nodded to him to go on, and very reluctantly the butler added:

"Unless the disagreement he had with Mr. George this evening could be said to make them enemies, which I hardly think possible, for they frequently disagreed in their arguments and yet seemed to be good friends after them."

"Did you hear this particular disagreement that you say took place this evening between your boss and Mr. George?" demanded the detective.

"Part of it, sir."

"I order you to tell me all that you heard and saw."

There was no help for it, and Dawson told of hearing the loud talking between the uncle and nephew and of apening the door of the library and seeing them standing facing each other with angry countenances and clenched fists raised as though about to strike.

"And who is this Mr. George of whom you speak?" asked the detective.

"One of the master's nephews, sir, and this is Mr. Frederick, the other nephew."

"Very well; now do you know to whom this belongs?"

The detective held up the hammer.

Dawson was shocked to see the bloodstained weapon and almost stammered as he admitted that it was his property.

"Did you use it tonight?" was the next blunt question.

"No, sir. I let Mr. George have it. He said he wanted a box and hammer and nails and I took them all up to his room so that he could pack his books ready to be shipped when he sent for them.

"Well, Dawson," said the detective, "this hammer is without doubt the weapon with which your employer was killed!"

The butler gave utterance to an exclamation of horror.

"How is it," here broke in the doctor, "that the outcries of the butler which brought everybody else in the house to this room has not also brought this Mr. George as well?' '

"Well thought of, doctor," admiringly said the detective, and he turned a most expressive inquiring look on the butler.

"I thought of that too, sir," said Dawson, "and ran up to his room when you turned us all out in the hall, but he's gone, sir."

"You're sure?"

"Positive, sir."

The detective nodded his head significantly, and he and the doctor exchanged meaning glances, all of which was not lost on either Beatrice or Frederick, but arousing different emotions in each. The girl saw clearly enough that all that she had heard pointed to her sweetheart as the murderer of Amos Throckmorton and she came very near fainting as she sat cowering in her chair, while Frederick realized that the crime was surely being fastened on his cousin.

The detective took Dawson aside and asked him a number of questions in regard to George, then saying that he would notify the coroner, he left the house in company with the physician, convinced of George's guilt.

CHAPTER III.

After parting with the policemen in City Hall Park, George made his way to the hotel where he intended to pass the night, engaged a room and at once went to bed. But the excitement he had passed through that evening was no conducive to sleep, and he put in a restless night. He got up early in the morning, refreshed himself somewhat with a bath, dressed himself, and made his way toward a favorite restaurant with the intention of getting an excellent breakfast. On his way he bought a morning newspaper which he thrust rather absent-mindedly into his pocket, for the distress of the woman he loved flashed back into his brain and he felt that at the moment he could think of nothing to the exclusion of her trouble. He entered the restaurant, sat down at the table he usually sought out, and gave his order. Then he opened the newspaper and stared open-mouthed at the scare-head which greeted his eyes:

A MYSTERIOUS CRIME IN THE BRONX!

About midnight last night Amos Throckmorton, the millionaire owner of Grand View Terrace, the showplace par excellence of the Bronx, was found dead in his library.

Detective Barry, who was at once summoned, in authority for the statement that a nephew of the murdered man who mysteriously left the house last night is under suspicion, and an arrest may be looked for at any moment. * * *

His breakfast was placed before him, but beyond gulping a cup of coffee it was impossible for George to touch the meal.

Fascinated by the news, he sat glaring with wide-open eyes at the printed page until the black letters began to dance up and down with grotesque movements before his fixed gaze.

"Dead!" he gasped. "Murdered, and I am suspected of murdering him! Well, with a clear conscience I can afford to smile at the suspicion that the detective in the case has imparted to the press.

Terribly upset, and feeling keen regret that he had parted in anger from his uncle, George got up from his seat, pulled himself together, went to the cashier's desk and paid his check, and then walked out into the street, trying to make up his mind just what could to pursue. He thought the matter over, and then decided that he would go to the office where he had been employed, put all the matters that had been in is hands in the best possible shape for his successor, and then call on the parties with whom he intended going into business.

"It's foolish for me to concern myself with the utterance of that boastful detective," he concluded. "I am innocent, so why should I worr yabout what is known to be an empty accusation? If that detective thinks he has got a case against me, why let him come and get me."

Which, although George was far from surmising it, was just exactly what the detective intended to do. At about 8 o'clock that morning Barry called at the Throckmorton mansion, was admitted by the deeply sorrowing butler, and in obedience to the request of the sleuth Dawson took him through the house, opened every clothes closet, including those used by the servants, and so exposed to Barry all the

coats hanging there, which were closely inspected by the detective, who occasionally glanced at a button he held in his hand.

Then the detective ascertained from Dawson where George was employed, and with a word of caution to the butler not to talk with strangers about the murder, he departed.

His next objective point was a magistrate's court downtown, and there he had no difficulty in obtaining a warrant for the supposed murderer of Amos Throckmorton, and with the warrant in his pocket and a smile on his face when he reflected how the newspapers would praise him for his speedy work in the case, he made his way to George's office, put his hand on the young man's shoulder and showed his badge. George looked him calmly in the face, and made up his mind what was meant by the action.

"You are an officer?" he quietly asked, while Barry's keen eyes were scanning the buttons on the young man's coat.

"Yes," returned the officer, "and I arrest you for the murder of your uncle, Amos Throckmorton."

"That does not alarm me," returned George, "but I am sorry to know that the dear old man has met with foul play. I am ready to go with you."

"Now," said Barry, when they had reached the street, "you are under arrest, and as I want to play fair, I'll tell you that I may use anything you say against you. Therefore you need not say anything if you don't want to, but there are a few questions I would like to ask, and you can do as you think best about answering."

"Fire away with as many questions as you like," confidently said George, "and I'll answer every one of them because an innocent man has nothing to fear. Notwithstanding your present suspicions in regard to me, the day will surely come when you'll admit my innocence of this crime."

He paused as he uttered the words, and with the impress of truth on his fine face, and in spite of himself the detective was impressed as he met the frank expression of the candid eyes.

"I hope you will prove to be a true prophet," he said. "Now tell me, if you wish to, at what time you left your uncle's house last night?"

George reflected a moment, trying to fix upon the time as nearly as might be possible under the circumstances connected both with the night before and with the present moment.

"To the best of my recollection it must have been in the neighborhood of half past eleven," he stated. "There was some excitement shortly before that, and I was too much worked up to take accurate notice of the time."

The detective favored him with a keen glance.

"The excitement you speak of was a quarrel with you late uncle, was it not?"

"Yes," was the frank admission.

"So I have been told. Well, according to who you say you must have left the house after the quarrel."

"That is right."

"You were, as you say, worked up, and you made up your mind that you would not stay longer in your uncle's house, is that it?"

"You have stated it correctly."

"And so you went to your room, changed your clothing and at once left the house."

"I simply got my hat from the rack in the hall and left the house. I did not stop to change my clothing, because there was no need of it, having on this business suit which I am wearing at present."

"Except the coat," persisted the detective.

"What do you mean?" demanded George, genuinely mystified by what he heard.

"I mean that you changed your coat," asserted Barry.

"I did not."

"Oh, of course you did," obstinately asserted the detective, eyeing his man with narrowed eyes. "Why, you may have had on the same trousers and the same waistcoat that you're wearing now, but the cloth of the coat that you wore before you left the house last night was what the tailors call a pin-check pattern."

"You're absolutely wrong. I never wore a pinchneck pattern coat in all the time that I've ordered my clothing in the past ten or fifteen years."

"Well, we'll let it go at that," reluctantly said Barry, and just they they arrived at the magistrate's court.

Here the proceedings were exceedingly brief, for the magistrate read the warrant, the detective told what he knew about the case, George was obliged to admit everything except the actual commission of the crime, and within ten minutes the unfortunate young man was told that he was held without bail for action by the grand jury and would be committed to the Tombs until brought forth for his trial for murder.

When thrust into a cell George was brought to a sudden realization of the fix he was in, and being far from a fool he at once sent for a lawyer who was highly esteemed in criminal cases. Within half an hour the lawyer was conversing with him, and when he heard the story of the quarrel and was told that the climax of it had been witnessed by the butler, he looked exceedingly grave.

"I can see no hope for you except in an alibi," he said.

The expression of hopelessness on the face of the young man gave the lawyer a clue to the thoughts that were in George's mind.

"Pretty hard to establish an alibi?" he asked.

"Impossible," was the sad reply.

"Why?"

"Well, it is true, as you have probably heard, that I had a nasty quarrel with my uncle the evening of the crime, and that in itself would have been enough to upset one as sensitive as I am but as a matter of fact the cause of the quarrel, or, rather, the matter that led me to go to him seeking a favor which he was small-souled enough to refuse, was one which added greatly to my mental confusion. I cannot recall anything of my movement that evening after I rushed enraged from my uncle's presence."

"You had better tell me the whole story," urged the lawyer.

There was nothing discreditable about the matter, and George told him of his betrothal to Beatrice, of Sam's embezzlement of the money that belonged to the brokerage firm, of her appeal to her lover as the only one who was in a possible position to extend aid, and of his demand on his quick-tempered uncle for the sum required for his sweetheart.

"I do recall rushing into the street from the house" he said, "but after that my mind is a blank in regard to what I did or where I went the balance of that terrible night. The fact that my uncle could not only refuse me, but do it with reviling and accusations that stung and wounded in a most terrible manner was enough to completely upset me, but the realization that I did not possess and might not be able to obtain the money Beatrice needed, put me in a frantic frame of mind and made my bewilderment complete."

"That is unfortunate, very. Well what is you next recollection?"

"The next thing I remember is waking up in my bed at the hotel where I passed the night."

"What hotel is that?"

George named it.

"That is something," eagerly said the lawyer. "The register will be a witness for you, and the entry made by the clerk may state the time of your arrival."

"Then I cannot look to it for any help," mournfully said George, "for after reading of the murder as I was taking my breakfast in a restaurant the thought came into my mind that the newspaper account put the time of the crime at about midnight and it would be wise on my part to find out what time I went to that hotel where I woke up in bed in the morning. I went there and consulted the register, and could not find my name there. I did find the name of Sam Sherwood in a handwriting that shakily resembled mine, and the idea flashed through my brain that the events of the previous few hours had so thoroughly held possession of my brain that I had written down the name of my intended brother-in-law when I registered, and had paid for the room in that name. You see, Sam Sherwood was on my mind, and in my mental confusion I probably wrote his name instead of my own. No, that hope is blasted, valuable as such a reference might have been to me. For the entire time that I have been alone in this cell I have been trying to recall my movements last night after leaving my uncle's house, but I cannot do so to save my life."

The lawyer caught eagerly at the concluding words.

"To save your life it may become necessary that you should do so," was his solemn admonition. "You must think hard every minute of the time."

"And if I fail?" nervously asked George.

"What the police have told me makes out a terrible case against you," was the response. "Unless you can establish a good and sufficient alibi the outlook for getting you off is mighty gloomy."

And with a shake of his head that was anything but reassuring the prisoner, the lawyer left the cell. Longing to see the face of his loved one and to hear her voice, George summoned a keeper, gave the man some money and a message to be telephoned to Beatrice, and then sat down despondently in his cell and tried to concentrate his mind and memory on his movements after he had left his uncle's house subsequent to the quarrel. It seemed a vain effort, and the more George tried to recall where he had gone and what he had done, the dimmer and more vague his ideas on the subject became, and, finally, the sweat pouring down him from the effect of his efforts, George gave the matter up for the time being, but resolved to return to it when he became more normal in mind and body for the stern admonition of the lawyer had not been lost on him, and he realized to the fullest degree the need for establishing an alibi.

Of course, it was not to be expected that George's betrothed

would be spared anything revengeful that it lay in Frederick's power to inflict, so it was not surprising that when Beatrice sat down at the breakfast table to drink a cup of coffee, that she should see a morning paper lying by her plate containing an account of the murder and the news that her sweetheart was suspected of committing the crime and suggesting that he might be arrested at any moment.

Beatrice knew that Frederick was looking at her and tried to control her face, but was unable to do so.

"Poor George!" murmured Frederick, his eyes fixed on the face of the girl. "What a horrible accusation to make against him."

Beatrice felt that if she trusted herself to respond, that she might burst into a storm of weeping that would only afford gratification to a man whom she regarded as George's enemy and her own, and hastily finishing her coffee, she excused herself and rushed from the room.

She did not completely close the door as she ran out in her agitated state of mind, and Frederick had one of the servants call that her brother was waiting to see her in the library. Eager to hear what was urgent enough to need a call so early in the morning, Frederick hastily gulped down his breakfast and made his way to the rear of the library, where he could see and hear.

With a vision of a prison cell constantly in front of him, Sam Shrwood had put in a sleepless night, and knowing no one else to turn to had sought his sister once more to beg here to get him out of his trouble and away from the impending clutch of the law.

Beatrice found him pacing up and down the library with impatient, nervous steps and twitching hands and eyelids that clearly indicated the state of mind he was in, and stopping before him she threw up her hands helplessly.

"Have you come to me again for that five thousand dollars?" she bitterly asked, while the recollection of what his previous demand had resulted in brought a flood of sorrowful realizations. "You demanded that sum last night, and the man I am engaged to marry tried to get it for me, with the result that he quarreled with his uncle and now is suspected of murdering him. Oh, you have made me a lot of trouble!"

CHAPTER IV.

With a feeling that the clutch of the law was constantly hovering in the air above him, Sam scarcely understaad what his sister was saying.

"I'm sorry if I've made any trouble, Beaty," he said, his absorbed mind catching the girl's final words, "but when a chap's in a fix like this he's got too much of himself on his mind to consider others. You don't seem to understand just how serious the matter is. Ferry & Dobbs have the books of deposit compared with the bank records once a week, and tomorrow or next day that will be done and a deficit will be discovered. Then goodby to me, unless the money is discovered in the safe, and the difference put down to a clerical error. Oh Beaty, I've nobody to look to but you. Save me!"

He shook with fear, his teeth fairly chattering with terror, while Beatrice walked distractedly up and down the room, her hands pressed to her head, vainly trying to think of some way out of the difficulty, Frederick meanwhile peering in upon the scene of distress from his position behind the portieres,. eagerly listening to every word, while his brain was forming a scheme that should turn the matter to his advantage.

"How can I save you, when there is not a soul in the world to whom I can now turn for aid?" cried the girl, stopping in front of her brother and fixing her eyes upon him with a heart-broken expression. "I have given you every dollar I have in the world, leaving myself nothing but some small change in silver, and you might as well ask me for a million as to demand the sum you name."

Tears streaming down her face, the devoted girl was a picture of misery.

"Then," rejoined Sam, "there is a mighty slim outlook for me. I'll tackle all the chaps I know and see what can can get from them, but I can't expect more than a quarter of the amount I need, and if my friend has not left the city, which I greatly fear, I'll take him by the throat and make him disgorge, but it looks to me as though the river shows the only way out."

Realizing that the interview was nearly at an end, and having heard all he needed to hear, Frederick hastened from the library by the rear door and made his way out of the house, walking toward the gate and coming to a pause there.

As he expected, Sherwood came out a moment later, and started in haste down the pathway. He waited until the distracted young man was nearly up to him and then spoke sharply.

"Sam!"

The young fellow started nervously, and seemed about to bolt when Frederick spoke reassuringly:

"It's all right, Sam. I'm a friend."

Sherwood came to a halt, and advancing to him with a most friendly expression on his face Frederick threw one arm caressingly around his shoulder.

"Sam," he said. "I know that you are in trouble. You remember me, don't you?"

"Yes, you are Frederick Throckmorton."

"That's right. Now, Sam I know that there is money trouble between you and your employers, and if you'll tell me the whole business I think I can point a way out of the mess. Talk to me as you would talk to your best friend."

A hopeful expression appeared on the face of the terrified young man, and in hasty sentences he told Frederick the story of his temptation at the hands of Drake and the lamentable result.

"That's the whole story," he concluded, wearily. "They played me for a sucker and I swallowed hook, line and sinker. Can you see any way out of the hole?"

"I think so," reassuringly asserted Frederick, and at once an expression of the most intense relief came to Sam's face. "If I am correct, your sister thinks the world of you. Am I right?"

"Yes, you are. You see, we're orphans and since the death of our parents Beatrice has not only regarded herself as my sister but felt that she stood in the place of a mother to me. She's the grandest girl in the world."

"I agree with you. Now do you think that she would make a great sacrifice for you, Sam?"

"I'm sure she would. There's no sacrifice that I could ask of her that she would not make for me, of that I'm sure."

"Especially if the sacrifice would save you from arrest and imprisonment, with all that would mean to both, ee?"

"Oh, Beaty wouldn't hesitate a minute," was the confident reply.

"Well, you may be right," said Frederick, but there was a hint of doubt in his tone that Sam failed to note. "Now, here is the proposition that I have to lay before you. I am in love with your sister, and want to make her my wife. If you can get her to say that she will marry me I will at once hand over to you the amount necessary to make good, the amount you have embezzled from the people you work for."

"Good!" cried Sherwood.

"Then you think she will do it?" anxiously asked Frederick.

"I don't think at all," confidently said Sam. "You're a good looking young man and well fixed, I suppose."

"I can support her in good style," said Frederick.

"Then why do you think Beaty will hesitate? On the one hand is a well-to-do husband for her and on the other hand is prison for me and disgrace for us both if I wear the stripes. I tell you, Beaty fairly idolizes me, and she will not hesitate a minute."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Frederick. "The difficulty in the matter is that she loves my cousin and is engaged to him."

"What, the one who is suspected of murdering his uncle?"

"That is the man."

"And you think that she will send me to jail for the sake of a man who is suspected of being a murderer?"

"I perhaps have a better knowledge of women than you have," rather sorrowfully rejoined Frederick, "and I am afraid that the fact that my cousin is in terrible trouble will prompt her to cling all the more faithfully to him. That's the way with women."

"It will not be the way with Beaty," confidently asserted Sam. "Nothing in the world will cause her to go back on me. She promised my mother on her dying bed that she would watch over and protect me, and I tell you that she would tear the heart out of her breast for me."

"I hope you are right, and perhaps you are," said Frederick. "You are her brother, Sam, and I want to say to you that she is the only woman I ever cared for and I fairly worship her."

"That's good enough for me," exclaimed Sam, "and squares my conscience for the sacrifice I'm going to ask her to make for me."

"Then, as there is no time like the present," said Frederick, who was delighted with the turn affairs were taking, "and you feel sure that you can persuade her to save you, let us go back to the house and lay the matter before her."

"Right!" cried Sam, who was drawing the first free and full breaths that had entered his lungs since he lost the money on the bogus tip. "Don't doubt for a minute that she'll do it."

"I hope you are correct in your ideas," fervently said the deeply enamoured Frederick, and with that the two men started back for the house, Sam walking with squared shoulders and a springy step which contrasted oddly with his previous dejected crawl and sagging form.

"Tell Miss Sherwood that she is wanted in the library," said Frederick to the servant he met in the hallway.

"Very good, Mr. Frederick," said the man and departed on his errand.

Frederick conducted Sam to the library, and a moment later Beatrice entered the room, the expression on her face changing when she saw her brother standing there with Frederick.

Sam came eagerly forward, and the girl could not well fail to note the great difference in his expression and the erectness of his form. Puzzled, she looked inquiringly at him.

"Beaty," he burst forth, "this gentleman has indicated a way out of the trouble I'm in."

"Perhaps it will simplify matters if I explain the situation to your sister and make my proposition clear to her," here interposed Frederick, and Sam, more than willing to avoid what was at best an unpleasant task, nodded his head briskly in acquiescence.

Then the schemer put on the most benevolent expression he could summon to his countenance and addressed Beatrice.

"I met your brother outside the house," he began, "and from his manner it was easy to see that he was in trouble. I spoke sympathetically to him because it is part of my nature to be interested in the trouble of others and also, dear girl, because he was your brother.

"I broke down his reserve with an offer of help if that were possible, and he told me of his indiscreet use of his employers' funds, a matter which can be put down to his youthfulness and too great trust in one whom he regarded as his best friend.

"Thus I learned that it was merely a matter of money, and while I am not what is called a rich man, nevertheless I am confident that I could raise that amount of money without difficulty, and this I am prepared to do if you will reconsider the answer you gave me when I had the honor to lay my heart and hand at your feet.

"Please do not break in upon me, as I can see you are about to do, but let me go on till I have finished. Here is the situation:

"I know that you betrothed yourself to my cousin George, learning it from your own lips, and had matters remained as they were I should not have presumed to ask you to reconsider your refusal of me. But see how matters stand:

"George has been arrested for the murder of my uncle, that is sure, for the detective who was here this morning told me that he was going downtown to make the arrest, and without doubt George is now in a cell."

Beatrice uttered a gasping cry and reeled backwards until she reached a chair into which she fell in a helpless manner.

"Moreover," went on Frederick "from the nature of the assertions that Detective Hawksbill made to me there is not the slightest doubt in my mind, nor is there in Hawksbill's, that George is certain to be convicted and sent speedily to the electric chair."

Beatrice shuddered convulsively.

"With George's conviction as a foregone conclusion," went on Frederick speaking the words which seared the girl's soul without one scintilla of pity for her intense sufferings, "we may dismiss him from further consideration and turn to the fix we find your brother in. Unless he can make good the deficit in a very short time, which would lead to the supposition that the clerk who made up the deposit failed to take the money from the safe, the theft is sure to come to light and his arrest would speedily follow. This would mean that he would be convicted and sent to prison for a long term of years, and not only that, but his prospects in life would be ruined. He would find that the taint of his conviction and crime would follow him everywhere, making him an object of police surveillance, and oust him from every position his talents might enable him for a time to secure. That, as you probably well know, is the story that attaches to every man who comes out of jail after serving out a conviction for a felony.

"From that I offer to save him, and now permit me to speak a word in reference to myself in my prospects in life.

"I have made an independent living ever since I attained my majority," went on Frederick, "and could support a wife in comfort on my income, but now, with George stamped as a murderer who will soon be removed from this world, I stand as the sole heir of my poor uncle's millions. Think of the life of ease and luxury I could give my wife! No whim, no caprice, no desire that money could accomplish would be too much for me to gladly gratify. Oh, Beatrice, think of the life you could have with unlimited money at your command and a husband only too eager to win your favor by compliance with your every wish.

"I can see it is on your tongue as it is in your mind to tell me that you do not love me, but I say to you, heart of mine, that it is enough that I love you as few men ever love a woman, and that I would be content to wait for your affection, feeling assured that such constant consideration as I would show you would be sure to finally awaken your love in return. Speak, dearest girl. Say that you will reconsider your answer, make me the happiest man on earth and save your brother from a terrible fate!"

He really loved her with a great and intense passion, and the depth of his love made him an eloquent pleader as he stood before her with outstretched hands, entreating her to answer him.

But Beatrice sat there torn with conflicting emotions that seemed to rend her very soul. One moment she seemed to vision her brother attired in the garb of a convict, and she wavered in her determination. Then she thought of George as he had looked when he last held her in his arms, and she could not bring herself to the point of making the sacrifice that the awful situation demanded of her.

Sam grew frantic with fear at the delay.

Sobbing like a distressed and heartbroken infant he cast himself at his sister's feet and caught at the hand which was hanging negligently at the side of the chair into which she had fallen.

"Beaty," he sobbed, "are you going back on me after promising mother on her deathbed that you'd watch over and protect me? What are you hesitating about? Do you mean to throw me down for the sake of a man who stands accused of murdering his uncle? Is that the way you keep your promise to mother, and is that the kind of love you have for me? What are you making such a fuss about anyhow? Do you think it is such a great sacrifice to give yourself in marriage to this gentleman who says he loves you and who will soon be worth millions, when by doing so you will save me from prison stripes and a blasted life? Beaty, if you don't do this for me you're not the girl I thought you were and mother was deceived in you, too."

And then he sobbed again, brokenly, while Beatrice sat there the very picture of misery, and still unable to make up her mind.

Then Frederick stepped forward again and made a gallery play that he thought would touch the girl.

"Your sister is too agitated to decide such a question off hand Sam," he said, assuming a generous air, "and I propose that we give her twenty-four hours to consider the matter and make up her mind."

"And by that time I may be exposed and the bulls will be sent out to gather me in, perhaps," groaned Sam," but have it your own way."

With a hollow groan he fled from the room, and a moment later Frederick, after a longing glance at the distracted girl, also went out.

CHAPTER V.

Half an hour later Beatrice received the message which George had entrusted to one of the keepers, and the fact that she was torn with anxiety about other matters did not prevent the loving girl from sending back the comforting message that she would be with her lover as speedily as the subway could conduct her downtown. Within the hour she stood in George's cell, and the humane keeper turned away from the door and directed his gaze elsewhere when he saw the sad eyed girl throw herself impulsively in George's outstretched arms. Beatrice did not wait for her lover to assert his innocence, but told him that she knew him to be incapable of crime, and voiced her belief that his name would soon be cleared of the terrible charge. George, however, was not able, to echo the girl's expressions, and the despondent cast of his countenance filled her anxious heart with alarm. The brave girl tried to cheer him up with hopeful phrases, but the visit of his lawyer and the nature of the latter's remarks about the case had put the young man in a rather despondent frame of mind and the parting of the lovers was, indeed, sad.

Half an hour after Beatrice's departure in came Hawksbill, and conducted his prisoner to the detective bureau, there to be put through a most severe and very depressing examination. When seated before the chief of the bureaus the latter regarded George with a scowl.

"I don't see why you persist in making trouble for us," he snarled. "There is evidence enough against you to convict three men, so why don't you try to earn our good will by confessing and ending the matter?"

"Confessing what?" demanded George.

"The murder with which you're charged."

"Because I haven't committed any murder, or, for that matter, a crime of any kind whatsoever."

"Your uncle was murdered, wasn't he?"

"So I learned from the newspapers."

"Oh, and that was the first you knew about it, eh?" sneeringly demanded the chief, blowing out his lips contemptuously; "you didn't see him lying dead before you after you smashed in his head?"

"When last I saw my uncle he was alive and well."

"Was that when you quarrelled with him?" triumphantly asked the chief.

"Yes."

"Then you admit that you did quarrel?"

"I do."

"What was the cause of the quarrel?"

"I asked my uncle for the loan of some money."

"For how much?"

"Five thousand dollars."

"For what purpose did you want that amount of money?"

"I decline to answer. I will also state that I refused to tell my uncle for what purpose I needed the money, and the fact seemed to anger him, and caused him to use such language as to arouse my temper and we both became very much excited and shouted so loudly that the butler came to the door, thinking that his master had called him."

"Exactly," said the chief, "and when the butler next saw him his master was dead, murdered by you, the man he had quarreled with."

"Of that I know nothing, for shortly after my quarrel with my uncle, within a very few minutes, in fact, I left the house."

"Where did you go?"

"I do not know. I was in a highly excited condition of mind, due not only to the annoying quarrel with my uncle, who had used frightfully abusive terms to me, but also because of deep disappointment in regard to the loan which I had expected to use for the relief of another person from a most distressing situation. In fact, it was this disappointment and inability to assist my friend in distress which upset me the most, and my brain was in a perfect daze until I woke up in a hotel downtown in the morning."

The chief stood up glared ferociously at the prisoner, and then crouched over him shaking an accusing and menacing forefinger while he roared out:

"That stuff is all very well to print in story books and to spill out on the dramatic stage, but it doesn't go in real life, and so you will find out when you face a judge and jury. Listen:

"You touch your uncle for a cool five thousand, and when the old boy objects to the holdup and turns you down, you sail in and talk so that the affair winds up in a dirty quarrel. Shortly after that the old man is found dead, his head crushed in with a hammer that exactly fits the indentation in the skull which finished the poor old chap, and when the police come in the hammer is found on the floor, with blood and gray hairs on it, and the tool is identified as the one which the butler loaned you earlier in the evening to nail up some books you are packing for removal. The house is searched and you can't be found, and now you want us to believe that your mind was blank for several hours. Rubbish!"

"It's the truth," quietly said George.

"Do you expect a jury to believe it?"

"I haven't thought at all about it," wearily returned George. "I know that I'm innocent of any crime, and I shall tell the truth and trust in God."

"Well," was the sneering rejoinder, "they say that God is usually on the side of the heaviest artillery, and the big guns in this battle are all on our side and there is just one thing that you can do after delivering yourself of such sickening cant. You can't save your life, for you're headed straight for the electric chair as rapidly as the law can send you there, but you can save your immortal soul by a frank confession and by begging forgiveness of that Deity in whom you so glibly announced your trust."

The officers who had gathered around to take in the examination all nodded their heads in approval, but George simply closed his mouth tightly and remained silent, so Hewksbill took him back to the Tombs.

When Sam Sherwood left the Throckmorton mansion it was with bowed head and a sagging pair of shoulders, for the temporary buoyancy created by Frederick's selfish proposition had been much diminished by Beatrice's evident inability to bring herself to the point of sacrifice, and once more Sam viewed the future with a well warranted alarm. He fortified his apprehensiveness by calling up the office on the telephone and speaking to one of his employers, to whom he said that he had been prevented from coming to the office by a sudden attack of sickness, and in a tone that he endeavored to make casual asked if there was anything in connection with the business. The assurance that everything was as usual was somewhat soothing, for it meant that his embezzlement had not yet been discovered.

He put in a miserable day, walking the streets and always casting apprehensive glances behind him, expecting every minute to feel himself touched on the arm by an officer who would exhibit a warrant for his arrest. He ate but little the food seeming to choke him, and when he went home to his boarding house he was too ashamed to appear at the table under the eyes of his fellow boarders. He sat in his room smoking and taking an occasional sip from a pocket flask of whiskey that he had purchased during the day, and about midnight went to bed.

There he turned uneasily from side to side for an hour, unable to close his eyes and then an idea flashed into his mind that caused him to spring from his bed and turn on the light. Then he hastily examined his pocketbook and counted the money that Beatrice had given him.

"Two hundred dollars," he muttered. "With that for a stake I might win enough to square myself with the firm and escape discovery. Two hundred dollars is no good to me, but what I might turn it into if luck came my way would be enough to fix things all right. I'll do it."

Having resolved on his course of action he dressed himself and left the house, making his way to an all night gambling place where he had frequently played in an endeavor to recoup his losses on the races. Arrived at the palatial gambling house he produced his roll and made choice of roulette as the medium by which he would try his luck.

For hours he played with varying fortune, sometimes seeing a huge pile of bills before him, and sometimes confronted with resources so diminished that a cold sweat broke out on him, and he shook as though with a chill. All night he played, and daylight crept into the crevices of the blinds while he played on.

Finally he stopped, counted his money while a fresh play was preparing, and made a swift calculation of the return his remaining funds would bring him if successfully staked on a certain number.

"It's make or break,' he desperately muttered, and with shaking hand wagered his all as he had decided.

At the Throckmorton mansion the following morning, Frederick felt that it would be good judgment on his part to endeavor to coerce Beatrice into giving him an immediate decision, sure that the girl, terrified at the fate that threatened her beloved brother could decide but one way, and so he sent Dawson to the girl to request an immediate interview in the library. Beatrice complied with the request and a moment later they faced each other.

"I have decided to ask you for an answer at once,' abruptly said Frederick, who saw that the girl had passed a sleepless night and was on the verge of breaking down, and therefore in just the mental and physical condition favorable to his designs. "What do you say?"

There seemed but little to gain in a short delay, but like the person who faces threatened death, every minute that postpones the final act looms up as something important, and Beatrice responded:

"You apparently forget that you gave me twenty-four hours in which to make up my mind and decide on my answer, and that time has not yet expired."

"No, I do not forget that," rejoined Frederick, "but I feel that I am aiding in concealing a crime without any sufficient reason on my part for doing so, and it is troubling my conscience. For the brother of the woman who intends to marry me I will stifle the voice of conscience, but otherwise I shall feel it my duty to aid the cause of right and justice."

The tortured girl swayed before him under the intensity of her emotions, but the sight did not move Frederick to compassion.

"Your answer?" he demanded.

"Oh I cannot decide such a question," wailed the unhappy girl, the tears falling from her eyes.

"Then," angrily cried Frederick, "if you find it impossible to decide whether you will accept me for your husband and enter upon a life of luxury or consign your brother to a prison cell and bring lasting disgrace upon both of you, then I will decide the matter for you. I will at once call up Ferry & Dobbs and inform them that I have reason to believe that they have been robbed of five thousand dollars. That will lead to an immediate inspection of the books and of the money on hand, and in less than an hour thereafter your brother will be in the hands of the police."

The idea of making the "bluff" had come into his mind when he noted the state of mind the girl was in, and when he saw the expression of terror it brought to her face he at once crossed the room and picked up the telephone, with the evident intention of carrying out his threat.

"Oh, stop! Stop!" shrieked Beatrice, holding out her hands in most agonized entreaty to him. Frederick held the telephone in his hands and regarded her with frowning face.

"I will be put off no longer," he announced. "For the final time I demand that you give me your answer, or else I shall call up Sam's employers and put an end to the suspense that is too wearing for me to endure it one instant longer. What is your decision?"

"Oh, it is a terrible alternative that you present to me," gasped the terrified girl, her eyes on the telephone which Frederick held in his hands, apparently in readiness to carry

out his threat. "But I cannot consign my only brother to a prison cell, and so, if you are determined to wring an answer from me when you know that I love another man, and that the present situation in which that man is placed only serves to make the strongest kind of appeal to my love and support, then I suppose I must say——"

And just then at that supreme moment, when Frederick's dark face was glowing with the flush of anticipated triumph, the door of the library was thrown open and Sam Sherwood rushed into the room, brandishing aloft his two hands, in which were clutched rolls of bills that his fingers could scarcely encompass.

"Saved! Saved! Beatrice," he shouted, rushing towards his astonished sister, and holding out his money filled hands towards her. "I took a desperate chance with the money you gave me, and I've won over seven thousand dollars, so Beaty, it is you who have saved me after all."

And then he strode up and down the floor like a man insane with joy brandishing the money aloft and sobbing in his excitement, while Beatrice, rendered perfectly limp by this unexpected turn in affairs, fell helplessly into an armchair and burst into tears of relief.

A black scowl mantled Frederick Throckmorton's face as he realized that his scheme for forcing an answer from the girl was blocked, and with a curse that was low but deep he put the telephone down on the stand again and stole out of the room.

"Gambler's luck saved her," he snarled, "but it will take more than gambler's luck to save George, and when he's gone I'll have a clear field."

CHAPTER VI.

In the days that followed George passed a most dreary time in the cell, his only intervals between his long spells of melancholy brooding being the occasions of Beatrice's daily visits to him, at which time he brightened up somewhat, due to the fact that the faithful girl never lost hope, and tried to impress him with her confident belief that all would come out right.

"You are innocent," she said, "and have lived a good life, and my religious faith is such that I cannot believe that it is in the providence of almighty God that you should suffer for this crime."

"You may be right dearest girl," said George, "and I can only hope that your trust in God is not ill founded, but I must tell you that my attorney does not share your views, and seems to take a most despondent attitude when I ask him what the outlook is. He says that my sole chance of escaping conviction is in establishing an alibi, and, unfortunately, I cannot recall, owing to the extreme excitement under which I labored, what I did or where I went for several hours on that terrible night."

"Keep on trying to recall, and it will all come back to you when you least expect it," asserted Beatrice, but she spoke with a degree of hopefulness in her voice which she was far from feeling, and George realized that she was speaking from her heart and not from her brain.

"I have sat and thought for hours at a time," he said, "tried until my brain was a mere blank, just as my lawyer has advised me to do but nothing can I recall of my movements after I flung out of the house, worked up to the highest pitch of excitement by my quarrel with my uncle."

"Then," sadly said Beatrice, "do you say there is no hope for you?"

"There is none so far as establishing an alibi, it seems," was the mournful reply, "but my lawyer tells me that the weak point in the case is that there is no positive evidence, and it is difficult to get juries to convict a man and send him to his death on purely circumstantial evidence, alone. Relying on that single favorable point, he has associated with him in the defense a lawyer who has frequently been retained as a special pleader in cases presenting a like condition, and whose impassioned appeals to juries have always resulted in acquittal for the accused men."

"Oh, that sounds hopeful enough," eagerly cried Beatrice. "Why should not you look for the same result?"

"For the simple reason that this special pleader may fail to move the jury that tries me," faintly replied George. "The fact that he has always been successful hitherto in such cases is no guarantee that he will succeed this time, and if he fails I am a doomed man. Of course the two lawyers will make the strongest kind of a fight for me, and my counsel gave me some comfort this morning by stating that even were I convicted there would be a long spell between conviction and execution, due to the appeals he would take and which would be fought out with all the skill at his command, and during that time he suggested that either one of two things might occur: I might be able to recall my movements after I left the house, or the real criminal might be discovered or else come forward voluntarily and make a confession. However, I cannot say that the prospect is one that cheers me."

"It is impossible to say what unknown enemy your uncle may have had," suggested Beatrice, "and such a man may have killed him and be impelled by his conscience to speak of the murder."

"I have heard and read of such things happening, but I feel that they are of very rare occurence in real life," said George. "However, I do not despair of eventually recalling what I did and where I went that fatal night, and so, uniting that with my trust in God I will not utterly despair."

"That is the right tone and the right way to think of the matter," heartily said Beatrice, and then kissed him and left the cell but outside the walls of the prison her fortitude gave way and the tortured girl broke down and sobbed in a most heartbroken manner. Left alone, George threw himself on his cot and abandoned himself to despair.

Meanwhile Frederick, who, as the reader has been told, really loved Beatrice as sincerely as such a selfish and self centred nature could possibly love even a woman, had thought matters over and had come to the conclusion that he would try to make the girl accept him by dangling another bribe before her eyes.

Knowing full well that she daily visited George in the Tombs, he scanned her face closely when he met her in the hallway that evening, and requested that she grant him an interview in the library after dinner.

"For what purpose?" bluntly demanded Beatrice.

"I cannot state the purpose now," slyly said Frederick, "but when you hear it you will at once admit its importance."

"Its importance to whom?"

"To my poor cousin George," was the convincing reply, and the girl at once agreed to the meeting, wondering if she had to some degree misjudged Frederick and if the latter knew something that might serve to at least throw doubt on the guilt of her affianced. She was so worked up over the possibility that she was unable to eat much dinner.

When the meal was concluded Frederick conducted the wondering girl to the library and politely seated her in a chair.

"Now," he began, "to come straight to the very core of the matter in hand let me first ask you if you understand the nature of the evidence which the police have against my cousin George?"

"I think I do, and from what I have been told it is all entirely circumstantial in character."

Frederick looked keenly at her and at once gathered the impression that she did not regard the evidence as convincing on acccount of its absolutely circumstantial nature. He at once hastened to speak to her in the most alarming way, intent on achieveing the object that had caused him to request the interview. "It is very true that it is entirely circumstantial," he went on, "but if you are telling yourself that it is not convincing you are making the mistake of your life. Listen:

"George wanted to pack up some books, and for that purpose asked Dawson to let him have a hammer and nails and an empty box, all of which Dawson was able to furnish, and which he took to George's room. While the latter was working away at his packing I heard the noise and asked Dawson what it was all about, and when he told me I suggested that we offer our assistance. The butler consented and together we went up to George's room. There we saw him using a hammer with a broken handle which Dawson had mended by glueing the wooden parts together and then tying them strongly with red cord. There is not the slightest probability that there is another hammer in the City of New York that presents just the appearance of the broken tool that Dawson loaned to George, and we both saw him using it.

"That same hammer we both saw fitted into the indentation in the skull of the murdered man by the doctor, and if we were testifying under oath we would both, distasteful as it would be to us to do so, be compelled to identify it and tell what we knew about it. So much for that.

"Now we come to the fact that George asked where his uncle was and found out that he had gone to the library somewhere about midnight, and both Dawson and I heard him declare his intention of seeking him there. I will frankly confess to a feeling of curiosity in regard to the nature of George's business with uncle and therefore made my way to the rear of the room by means of the little used side passage, and concealed from view by the portieres I heard every word of the violent quarrel and saw the menacing attitudes of the two men. In fact I saw and heard much more than the butler, who came to the door when he heard the altercation and looked in upon them as they stood facing each other with clenched fists and flushed faces. I am sorry now that I did not wait there for a time longer, for I might have been the means of preventing the crime. However, I left at the same time that Dawson did, but by the rear door.

"Now, Beatrice, you understand the convincing nature of the circumstantial evidence against George. It could not be stronger, and men have been convicted on far less than this trial will establish. I tell you that I am convinced that if the case comes to court George is certainly doomed to go to the electric chair, and that there is no possibility of escape for him."

The case, as stated by Frederick, did seem terribly conclusive, and Beatrice felt weak in the knees as he spoke.

"Now," said Frederick, "I want to save George and I have decided how to do it."

A Agleam of hope came into the girl's eyes, and she faced the deceitful schemer with a grateful expression on her face.

"Oh speak, I implore you, and tell me what means you have devised that will save George from the electric chair!"

She was more beautiful than ever as she faced Frederick with her arms held towards him in passionate appeal, and he was so thrilled with her loveliness that he became more than ever resolved to win her: With an effort he went on:

"You may or may not know that Dawson is a Scotchman, and before coming to this country was a gardener to a Scotch laird. He is passionately fond of cultivating roses, and has great skill in that line. He was very strongly attached to Uncle Amos, and had the latter lived Dawson would probably continued on indefinitely in his service, but now that uncle is dead Dawson longs to get back to his own country and pass his life there. I heard him say to one of the other servants that as soon as he had saved five thousand dollars he would go back to Scotland and raise roses for city trade. Now, that is just the amount that I proposed to throw away on your brother, and I have that and more in my possession at the present time. Much more, indeed. The police feel that they can get Dawson when they want him, and therefore, material witness although he is, they have not only not put him in the House of Detention, but have even set a watch over his movements.

"He is therefore free to go where he wishes and when he wishes, and I am sure that if I say to him that he can have five thousand dollars and a ticket for the old country by Saturday's steamer, he will jump at the chance to get back there and indulge his passion for cultivating roses for city trade.

"There is not the slightest chance that he will refuse for he protests that he actually loves George, and only yesterday asked me with tears streaming down his face if he would be compelled to testify against him, so we can be sure that if the offer is made to him that Sunday will see him far from these shores."

"Oh, that is a grand idea!" fervently exclaimed Beatrice, gratitude in her eyes and her voice.

"It certainly would dispose of Dawson and his frightfully dangerous testimony, and would only leave me as a witness for the prosecution," calmly asserted the schemer, feasting his eyes on the girl's excited beauty. "Now, if I were to leave this country by the same steamer as Dawson, then the case against George would fail flat for want of witnesses."

"And you will? You will?" eagerly cried Beatrice, facing him with flushed face and hopeful eyes.

"Yes, I will,' responded Frederick, "but there is a condition attached to my going which your woman's wit should easily divine."

"Name it," cried Beatrice too much buoyed up with hope to catch the obvious meaning of his words.

"The condition is that you go with me as my wife," slowly enunciated Frederick, and then as she started as the full meaning of his words dawned on her excited brain, he held up his hand imperatively.

"Listen!" he commanded. "Understanding that you do not love me, I can easily comprehend what such a step would mean to a girl like you, but I am appealing to you to save the life of the man you love, and I swear to you by all that I hold dear and sacred that I believe in no other way can he be saved."

He uttered the words with an impressive earnestness that carried a sense of prophecy to the girl's mind, and she shivered as though stricken with an ague as she heard them.

"I fully comprehend the character of the step I am asking you to take and also that it involves a sacrifice that is almost beyond the conception of a woman who dearly loves a man," softly said Frederick, "but I want to call your attention to the consoling fact that all your life you can say to yourself that your act of renunciation only proved to your affianced the depth of your affection, for he could not fail to realize that you deliberately trampled on your heart to save him from the electric chair. Beatrice, remember that George's life hangs on your decision, and give me the only answer that a true lover could give under the circumstances."

"Oh, this is a terrible situation in which you have placed me!" sobbed the distracted girl. "How am I to decide a question that involves the happiness of my entire life?"

"By remembering that it also involves the impending doom of the man you love and who can be saved by none but yourself," returned Frederick. "George's life hangs on your answer. What is your decision?"

With the light of a sudden inspiration in her eyes, Beatrice rose to her feet. "I cannot and will not decide such a question," she resolutely announced, and the triumphant expression vanished from Frederick's face as she firmly uttered the words. "George is a young man and there is no doubt that life is dear to him, but I cannot say to what he would consent in order to escape the fate that now threatens him. I am going to lay the matter before him in his prison cell, and the decision must rest with him."

CHAPTER VII.

Determined to lose no time in having such an important matter decided, Beatrice dressed herself for the street and came down from the room she occupied and started for the front door, when Dawson, who was speaking to a man in the hallway caught sight of her and said:

"Oh, Miss Sherwood, here is Detective Hawksbill, and he would like to speak to you for a few minutes."

"I am at your service, Mr. Hawksbill," promptly said Beatrice. "Please come into the library."

Hawksbill at once followed her as she led the way into the indicated room and although he was thoughtful over grave matters that engrossed his mental faculties at the moment he could not help noting the marvellous symmetry of her form and the floating grace of her movements.

"A remarkably attractive young woman,' was his mental comment. "Just the kind to create bad blood between rivals."

Beatrice indicated a chair in which she invited the detective to ensconce his form, and quietly took a seat opposite him.

"What can I do for yeu, Mr. Hawksbill?" she asked.

The detective hesitated, and seemed to be at a loss as to the exact nature of his inquiries. Then he pulled himself together and plunged precipitately into the matter.

"You were the private secretary of Amos Throckmorton?"

"Yes."

"For what length of time did you serve him?"

"For over a year."

"During that time did you reside in the house?"

"Yes."

"Treated as one of the family?"

"Yes; in every way."

"Then you were thrown much into the society of the nephews, Frederick and George, were you not?"

"We passed many evenings together in the music room after dinner was over."

"Miss Sherwood, excuse my bluntness, but have you reason to believe that either of these men fell in love with you?"

In spite of the trouble she was in the young girl could not restrain a slight smile at the question, which, however, she hastened to answer promptly and without any semblance of coquetry:

"Yes; I have every reason to believe that they both did, for they both proposed marriage to me."

"Ah!" interestedly exclaimed Hawksbill. "And did you accept either one?"

"I did. I have long been in love with George, whom I regard as the noblest man I have ever met, and I accepted him without hesitation."

"I see. Now can you recall when you became engaged to George?"

Again Beatrice was forced to smile slightly at the question but answered without a moment's hesitation:

"Women do not generally forget anything in connection with the proposal of marriage that comes to them from the man they love. It was just ten days ago when George asked me to become his wife."

"Was the matter made known to the rest of the household by either yourself or your intended husband?"

"No, we did not mention it to anybody."

"And when did Frederick propose marriage to you?"

"The night of the murder, at which time I made known to him that one reason for refusing his suit was that I had become betrothed of his cousin more than a week before."

"How did he take it?"

"He was strongly affected and turned a most horrible color, convincing me that the information hurt him badly, but I must in honesty add that he pulled himself together and congratulated me like a gentleman before he walked out of the room."

"Now, Miss Sherwood, you are a bright young woman, and I want you to tell me if you at that time regarded his words of congratulation as being sincere?"

"No, I did not."

"You are probably right in the estimate you formed of their

sincerity. Now let me tell you why I have asked you all these questions. It may surprise you to learn that there are no more conscientious readers of detective fiction than detectives themselves, and I must confess that stories that deal with crime have an unending fascination for me, and of all literature of that kind I am most fond of the French ones. Do you understand French?"

"Fairly."

"Then the favorite French phrase in connection with any crime is without doubt familiar to you?"

"Cherchez La Femme."

"Exactly. 'Find the woman.' It occurred to me this morning when I was talking to George that I had neglected to do so in this case."

"And now that you have found her do you attach any importance to what you have learned from her?" asked Beatrice.

"Yes, I do. In the first place let me say that I am a man of many years' experience on the force, and have always formed my own opinion of the status of person who have been accused of crime and whom I have taken into custody, and I frankly admit that I am an impressionist, and my impression gained in regard to George Throckmorton after many conversations with him is that he is not the man to commit murder."

With an impulsive bound Beatrice was out of the chair and seizing one of the detective's hands carried it to her lips much to the embarrassment of the ex-policeman officer.

"Oh, thank you, thank you a thousand times for that expression of belief in the innocence of my betrothed," she exclaimed. "I know, just as I know that the Almighty above us knows, that he is innocent, but I fear that the evidence will weave a terrible net around him."

"Yes, it is very strong, unusually so for evidence that is wholly circumstantial; but his attorney shares my belief and your own in the young man's innocence and he has told me that he will take a stand that he has never before taken in any criminal case, and that is to declare to the jury under oath that he believes his client to be innocent, and that should certainly have a very powerful influence with the twelve men. However, I must admit that the outlook is gloomy."

Then he asked Beatrice if she had any reason for suspecting Frederick for having committed the crime, and she replied that she did not but added that she regarded him as a villain and capable of employing somebody to murder his uncle.

"That, you know would achieve two objects for him," she shrewdly said.

"It would remove George as your prospective husband, and what else would George's death accomplish for Frederick?"

"It would leave him sole heir to his uncle's millions, which are understood to be devided equally to the two nephews."

The detective whistled softly, and seemed to be much impressed by this final bit of information. He added some words of comfort for the afflicted girl and then bade her goodby. Then he sought out Frederick, who was still in the house, and had a long interview with the latter, during which he closely questioned him about his doings the night of the murder, but Frederick although somewhat alarmed, kept cool and accounted easily enough for his whereabouts up to the time he had gone to bed, and called Dawson in corroboration of his statements. Hawksbill made his estimate, and it was not a flattering one, of the man he was questioning as he interrogated him, but Frederick met him satisfactorily at all points and the detective finally gave the matter up not satisfied but unable to obtain anything of value.

"I must keep an eye on that fellow," he decided as he walked away from the unsatisfactory interview. "He had every necessary reason for getting his uncle out of the way and for fixing the crime on George."

Meanwhile Beatrice had put on her hat and left the house, bound downtown for the Tombs prison.

"George," she abruptly exclaimed when the keeper had considerately left them alone in the cell, "can you think of any sacrifice on my part that would be too great that would save you from the fate that is hanging over you?"

Of course the question took him completely by surprise and he took his time about answering it, meanwhile holding her to his heart.

Then the lover tried to read the idea that lay back of the question by looking down in the sapphire eyes, but she demurely lowered the blue veined lids over the cerulean orbs and thus cleverly defeated inquiry on his part through that channel. Then she smiled up bravely at him, although there was but little to smile about in the situation.

"Speak plainly, dearest girl," requested George.

"I will," he rejoined. "Of course you know just what evidence is against you in regard to the hammer with which the fatal blow was struck and also that which Dawson would relate about seeing you and your uncle facing each other as though about to engage in a battle with your fists when the noise of the quarrel brought him to the library, but you do not know that Frederick overheard the altercation from behind the portieres at the rear of the room, and you have probably not thought of the fact that he saw just what Dawson saw, but he says that he did, and adds that although it would hurt him to testify against you that if he were under oath he would feel conscientiously impelled to narrate what he at that time heard and saw and if questioned about it would have to say that he saw the hammer in your hands when he visited your room in company with Dawson and offered to assist you in packing up. Now he informs me that Dawson is very anxious to go home to Scotland and engage in the cultivation of roses for the city trade, and Frederick is willing to give him five thousand dollars for that purpose and furnish him with a ticket to leave by Saturday's steamer, on which ship Frederick proposes also to take passage, thus removing the sole witnesses against you and bringing about the collapse of your case. George, don't you see that if these two witnesses are removed that your case falls to the ground?"

"Yes, I do," admitted George, "and I can also see that with the butler's testimony corroborated by Frederick that the jury will be almost certain to convict me but I have my opinion of my cousin and therefore I ask you what is his price for rendering this service to me?"

"His price is that I marry him and accompany him to Europe on the steamer as his bride."

An angry flush overspread the young man's face, and he gave utterance to a cry that was almost a groan. Then he released Beatrice from his embracing clasp and straightened up with a proud toss of his head.

"And what, dearest, would be your decision in regard to this proposition on the part of my precious cousin?" he bitterly inquired.

"Why, George," she returned, "loving you as I do it would be a terrible step for me to take but I would do it because it would free you, and all my life my sorrow would be alleviated by the reflection that my sacrifice had been the means of saving you from the electric chair. But the decision rests with you, the man I love better than my own happiness and place above all that the future may hold for me. George, remember that my heart and my love do not go with this marriage that Frederick demands as his price, and also remember that your life hangs on your decision. What do you say?"

"I say no," he instantly responded, "for between the time of conviction and that of execution appeals and insure a long delay during which I would suffer such agonies as are beyond the grasp of human comprehension to understand and when the thought of you in the arms of that hyena to would intrude itself upon me. As I am now I can have but one brief period of suffering. Had I a thousand lives to live then a thousand times I would say no!"

CHAPTER VIII.

The morning of the trial arrived, and Beatrice left the house and hastened down to the courthouse, her wan face showing plainly enough that the poor girl had passed a sleepless night on the eve of the prisoner's ordeal.

Frederick left his bed, had his bath, and then went to the closet where his many suits of clothing hung on supports. He inspected suit after suit with care. "It's a solemn occasion," he soliloquized with a grin, "and I should wear something very sober to indicate my sympathy for my dear cousin. Ah, here is one of a very quiet pattern."

He drew forth the suit in question, put on the trousers, then the waistcoat, and finally donned the coat, and was buttoning the latter garment when he discovered that there was a button missing, and that brought a reflective frown to his face. "This suit? This suit?" was his mental query. "When did I wear it last? Now I recall that I wore it the night of May twenty-third, the night of the crime, wore it the next day, and in that time of excitement must have failed to note the absence of a button. But that button? Did it drop off from ordinary use or was it torn off by the grasp of a hand, and in the latter case did the hand relax and permit it to fall unnoticed or was it later found between tightly clenched fingers? Well, there is but one thing for me to do at this time and that is to go to my tailor and obtain the nearest possible match for it and later on I will bundle it up and throw it in the river."

He at once left the house, still cool and smiling, and went to his tailor where he removed the coat, and asked the workman to replace the missing button as nearly as possible, and a moment later the man was working away at the task.

True to his word uttered to Beatrice, the detective had been keeping watch on Frederick, and had seen him issue from the house and had trailed him to the tailor shop and now stood watching the sewing on of the button through the front

window of the little store, an operation which he noted with significant shakes of the head, slyly keeping out of sight from within as he did so. When the work was done Frederick put on the coat and started for the subway, Hawksbill keeping him in sight and following him into the train. He entered the courtroom almost at the same instant as Frederick, who glanced around him, saw Beatrice sitting in the middle of the room and at once advanced and seated himself at her side.

Beatrice's eyes were fixed on George as he sat beside his lawyers, and she was so much worked up over her lover's peril that she was oblivious to everything that went on around her, and did not even turn her head when Frederick sat down.

The District Attorney made his opening address, in which he stated the fact of the murder and then in cold, even tones narrated the succession of known facts on which he would ask for a verdict of murder in the first degree. Frederick turned to her and said with a horrified expression on his face:

"That was a terrible opening, and the jurymen look half convinced now."

The devoted girl shivered as though with a chill and made no response, and then glued her eyes to the witness stand and strained her ears to catch every word as Dawson was put on the stand. The questions came in rapid succession and it was plain to see that Dawson answered them all with reluctance:

"You were employed by the deceased as a butler?"

"Yes for many years."

"I ask you to recall the evening of the twenty-third of May."

"I recall it, sir."

"Did the prisoner borrow anything of you that evening saying that he was going to do some packing?"

"Yes, sir, I let him have an empty box and some nails and a hammer."

"Was the hammer your own property?"

"Yes, sir, and had been for years."

"Did you see him using it?"

"I did, sir. I went up to his room to help him and he was using it then."

"Is this the hammer?"

The District Attorney held up the hammer that had been found in the library, and there was a sudden craning of necks to get a glimpse of the weapon.

"Yes, sir, that's the hammer," answered Dawson.

"You seem positive in your identification, and yet a hammer is a very commonly used tool and some households contain several of them. What makes you so sure that this is the hammer you loaned the prisoner?"

"Well, sir, you can see that the hammer handle is broken on a slant. I glued it together and then bound it up firmly with that strong red cord that you see on it now."

"Thank you, Mr. Dawson. Now tell the jury if you had occasion later on in the evening to go to the door of the library and look into the room tell them what caused you to do it and then tell them what you saw."

Dawson twisted and squirmed on his seat, and the sweat rolled down his honest face, but the question was sternly repeated and in spite of the affection he felt for George, who had always treated him with respect and consideration the butler was compelled to answer.

The jury listened open mouthed to his story of overhearing the loud voiced quarrel and the sight that met his eyes when he opened the door, and the impression it made on the twelve men caused Frederick to grin slyly and made Beatrice sick at heart. The District Attorney went on smoothly:

"That is a very clear statement, Mr. Dawson. Now tell us when next you saw your employer?"

"When I entered the library again looking for him shortly after midnight and found that he had been killed, when I at once sent servants for the doctor and the police."

"And when Detective Hawksbill made his examination did he find a hammer and show it to you, and did you identify the tool as the one you had loaned the prisoner that very night?"

"Yes, sir," faintly responded the sweating witness, but his questioner seemed to think as he glanced at the jury that the words had assailed their ears in tones of reverberating thunder. Once more Frederick slyly grinned, and again Beatrice shivered violently as though with cold. Then followed the cross examination of the witness, who had told the simple truth and could not be shaken.

"Frederick Throckmorton," called the District Attorney, "I regret that the ends of justice which I seek to serve in this trial, compels me to call you to the stand to testify."

Putting on a mournful expression, as though deeply affected by the call, Frederick slowly arose and walked to the witness stand. After he had been sworn the prosecutor brought out the information that he was the prisoner's cousin and had never quarrelled with him and had only the best of feeling for him.

Then the District Attorney proceeded to put to him practically the same questions he had asked Dawson, and with a great show of reluctance Frederick returned answers that fully corroborated the butler's testimony, and which caused the jurymen to appear more convinced than ever, a fact which sent any faint hopes that Beatrice might have entertained down to zero. Just as Frederick finished his testimony two policemen in uniform, one tall and the other short, entered the courtroom and glanced at the prisoner. Then they conversed in low tones for a minute or so, again glancing at George and nodding their heads as though in full agreement with one another. Then the tall policeman touched the captain of the court on the arm and said:

"Brady, what's this case about?"

"Why, that young chap sitting with his counsel is being tried for the murder of Amos Throckmorton in the Bronx."

"When was he murdered?"

"The twenty-third of May."

The two policemen looked at one another and again nodded their heads, and at that moment the physician took the stand and they listened eagerly to his testimony, during which he satisfactorily identified the body he had seen as that of his long time patient Amos Throckmorton, and fixed the time of the murder at about midnight. When he made that statement the tall policeman looked meaningly at his comrade and then they both whispered something to the captain of the court that made the latter open his eyes very wide and then walk rapidly over to George's counsel to whom he whispered something in turn that brought them to their feet with smiling faces and expectant mien. Then they in turn whispered to George.

Then George's lawyer told the judge that such convincing evidence of the innocence of his much wronged client had come to light that he would dispense with a formal opening and at once put the prisoner on the stand in his own defense. This brought from Frederick a snarl of incredulity and filled Beatrice with hope. Just as George walked to the stand Hawksbill entered the aisle upon which Frederick and Beatrice were sitting, and with the important button in his open hand looked down at the young man's coat. Then George's lawyer began to question him.

"Mr. Throckmorton, do you recall midnight of May twenty-third last?"

"I do."

"Where were you at that exact time?"

"In City Hall park."

"What, if anything, fixes the place and the time in your mind?"

"The fact that just as I was crossing on my way to a hotel for the night the clock in the tower began striking and it seemed to me that it struck thirteen!"

The jury sat erect, the tall policeman and the short one glanced encouragingly at George, who smiled back at them, and Frederick was so interested that he failed to note that Hawksbill was looking down at his coat and comparing the buttons on it with the one he held in his hand. George's lawyer went on:

"And, Mr. Throckmorton, did anything occur to confirm your belief that City Hall clock had, indeed, struck thirteen?"

"Yes. I noticed two policemen talking rather excitedly together a short distance away and looking up at the clock in a wondering way, and then when I told them what I thought I had heard, they said that they both were sure of the same thing."

"That is, that the clock had struck thirteen?"

"Yes."

"That is all," said the lawyer and the District Attorney was so much surprised at the testimony that he did not cross-examine. Then the lawyer called the tall policeman to the stand, who testified to hearing the City Hall clock strike thirteen at midnight on the twenty-third of May, and identified the prisoner as the person who expressed a similar belief when he addressed him and his partner. He was not cross-examined, and when he left the chair the short policeman went on and fully corroborated the testimony, also identifying the prisoner as the person who spoke to him at that time and place. At the same time Barry leaned over and touched Beatrice on the shoulder and beckoned to her, and so absorbed was Frederick in the unexpected testimony that he had heard that he did not notice that Beatrice passed him.

"Your eyes are younger than mine," said the Detective, "and I want you to notice if one button has ben freshly attached to Frederick's coat and if it differs in the slightest degree from the rest. Your right hand raised with the fingers closed and the thumb up will mean yes."

Beatrice nodded brightly and slipped back to her seat just as the Disric Attorney arose and, addressing the court, said:

"Your Honor, my case falls to the ground and I must abandon it, for the physician, my own witness, fixed the time of the commission of the murder at midnight and two disinterested

witnesses have established the fact that accused with in City Hall Park at that time. He has established a remarkable alibi and the prosecution apologizes to him for the trouble and distress to which he has been put. I will agree to anything the defense wishes to do in the matter."

At that moment Beatrice raised her right hand in the signal that Barry had been waiting for, having completed her inspection of the buttons on Frederick's coat without attracting his absorbed attention, and the detective at once advanced to Frederick's side, opened his hand and showed the button lying on the palm. "This button will match with the balance on your coat very much better than the one you had the tailor sew on this morning," he said, looking down sternly upon the blanched face that the young man turned up to him. "I removed it from the clenched fingers of your uncle the night of the murder!"

Frederick gazed with bulging eyes on the button as it lay in the detective's hand, and then slumped down in his seat as though unable to maintain an erect attitude, and then Barry's voice rang out:

"Your honor need have no hesitation in freeing the prisoner, for I have found the right man and can fix the crime on him."

The judge nodded comprehendingly and then the detective let one hand fall on Frederick's shoulder and said:

"I arrest you for the murder of Amos Throckmorton!"

George stood erect and gazed accusingly at his cousin, while Beatrice swayed in her seat, but the accused man leaped to his feet with a wild scream and seemed as though about to make a dash for freedom, but just as Barry put forth a detaining hand, Frederick toppled over to the floor.

Instantly the courtroom buzzed with excitement while the judge rapped loudly with his gavel for order. Then, when some semblance of order had been restored, the judge turned to the Throckmorton physician and requested him to see if anything could be done to restore the unconscious accused man to sensibility.

While everybody, including even the judge, stood up and watched with intense interest, the physician took a stethoscope from his pocket, adjusted the earpieces to his ears while kneeling on the floor, and then opening the shirt and undershirt of the unconscious man, applied the bell end of the instrument over Frederick's heart. A moment he listened with contracted brows and intent expression, and then arose and faced the judge, saying in solemn tones: "Your Honor, the man is dead!"

A wave of intense excitement swept over the assemblage, and Beatrice, worn out with sleepless nights and anxious days, swayed as she heard the doctor's solemn announcement and George rushed forward in time to catch her in his arms and as she felt the touch of the familiar embrace she smiled up bravely at him through her tears.

Then certain legal formalities were observed and a few minutes later George was informed by the judge that he was free, and with Beatrice clinging happily to his arms walked out of the courtroom which he had feared he would leave only as one condemned of murder and started on his way to the electric chair.

That evening as the lover sat hand in hand in the Throckmorton home they discussed their plans for the future, seeing a vista of happiness opening before their enraptured eyes.

"Yes, dearest,' said George, as he fondly kissed his betorthed, "we can vision a most happy future, and it has all came about because God in His mercy interventd when I was threatened with an ignominious death and saved me by causing the City Hall clock to strike thirten.

SILK STOCKINGS FROM TREES.

Fifteen million pairs of silk stockings, the product of the American forest, were sent out of the United States last year to compete with the product of the Oriental silk worm. Not that these American silk stockings actually grew on the trees but they were made from wood pulp, the product of American forests.

The rapid growth in the art of making artificial silk in the United States is illustrated, according to a statement by the National City Bank of New York, by the fact that 15,000,000 pairs of stockings manufactured from artificial silk were exported from the United States in the fiscal year 1919 against only 6,000,000 pair in 1918 and 2,000,000 in 1917.

So rapid has been the development of this industry by which the American chemists and manufacturers have entered into competition with the Oriental silk worm that the value of artificial silk manufactures exported from the United States has grown from $857,000 in the fiscal year 1917 to $2,339,000 in 1918, and $7,677,000 in 1919, being thus nine times as much in value in 1919 as only two years earlier, the first year in which the Government thought the industry of sufficient importance to justify a record of its export.

The process by which the forests are turned into silk stockings is a comparatively simple one. Wood pulp is treated with caustic soda to form a sodium cellulose and then dissolved in carbon disulphide. The product, alkali-cellulose-xanthate, is a viscous solution popularly called "viscose," and after being filtered and allowed to ripen by standing is forced through capillary tubes into a liquid which solidifies the threads which are when completed similar in appearance, dimension, and chemical qualities to, the fiber produced by the silk worm. This silk fiber or thread is used in the precise manner in manufacturing as are the threads produced by the silk worm which are of similar composition and characteristics. The artificial product has in fact a greater brilliancy, being more lustrous than natural silk, but a somewhat harsher feeling. Some of the early shortcomings of the artificial product, lack of strength and elasticity, have been considerably lessened and these artificial silks are now used in fabrics for both warp and filling threads, for hosiery, dress trimmings, upholsteries and rugs, also taking the place of real silk for insulating electric wires and making durable mantles for incandescent lights.

The production of artificial silk in the United States has been greatly stimulated during the war period. Formerly considerable quantities of this material which has been manufactured in Europe for several were imported into the United States, especialy from Germany, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, France and the United Kingdom, but the reduction in this supply from abroad led the American manufacturer to "get busy" and he turned out in 1914 300,000 pounds of artificial silk; in 1917 6,500,000 pounds, and in 1918 presumably about twice that of 1917 since the quantity of manufactures from the material exported in 1919 was double that of the preceding year and the value nearly three times as great as one year earlier. Meantime, the importation of artificial silk, which amounted to over $4,000,000 in the year preceding the war is now only about one-fourth as much as in 1914, although the prices are, of course, practically double those of the pre-war period.

The artificial silk manufactures exported from the United States go to all parts of the world and actualy invade the countries in which the natural silk is produced. Silk stockings and other products of artificial silk now go to China, Japan and Italy, the chief silk producing countries of the world, though a large proportion of that exported in 1910 went to England, Australia, Canada, Argentina, Cuba, New Zealand and South Africa, while still larger quantities are sold in the domestic markets of the United States.

"Rotten Row" is an ugly name, but it is that given to London's most fashionable driveway. The strange part of it is that this homely appellation, misplaced as it obviously is, was born of one of the most beautiful phrases in the French langage.

When the Normans populated England, after the invasion of 1066, it followed that they gave French names to many locations and places, not alone in London but throughout England. So they named the driveway through London parks "Route du Doi" (route of the King) because it led to the imperial palace. Time passed and the Londoner had great difficulty in pronouncing this phrase and "Route du Roi" degenerated into "Ritten Row."

Rotten Row is one of London's show places. It leads to Buckingham Palace from Hyde Park Corner. It is the center of interest from a special standpoint, as it is the favorite drive of fashion. On Sundays the church parade is a most brilliant spectacle.

The French influence in nomenclature in London is evident wherever one goes. Charing Cross, which the modern Londoner calls the "center of the world," is an English corruption of a one-time French name.

When Edward the Confessor was bringing the body of his Queen from North England his retinue in their route to Wastminster Abbey deposited the bier at nightfall when they struck camp. At each resting place a cross was erected.

Throughout England there are now towns, villages and hamlets which bear the name of "cross." One can thus almost trace the course of the cortege. The last resting place they reached before they got to Westminster was "Chere Reine Cross" (Dear Queen Cross), now corrupted to "Charing Cross."

"Birdcage Walk," in St. James' Park, is an interesting example. Popular belief generally is that in medieval days they used to hang bird cages wtih song birds in them from the boughs of trees that mark the walk, so that folk rambling by could be delighted with the music of the feathered warblers. That is erroneous. "Birdcage Walk" is nothing more than a corruption of the French word "bocage," meaning grove. And Birdcage Walk is, indeed, a pleasant grove where lovers have been rambling sine the Norman conquest.

THE STAB

By J. ROBERT WARLINGTON

Opening my eyes suddenly—I sat bolt upright in bed—

The now darkened London, with not a moon, not a star, to lend a ray of cheer—the still—deathly still night air—all led to the horror of that unearthly screech——

My nerves were at high tention, had been since I had come to Europe.——I listened intently again. Nothing broke that dead silence but the—TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK of "Big Ben" as he slowly tucked the seconds away under his coat.

As I looked from the bed—out thru the open window, onto the Common, I felt a chill run down my spine, not a chill of fear, but of dead loneliness. I was surely alone; my only friend in London, Clarendon Brind, had sailed on the morning Channel Vessel to France. He and I had left Chicago together, enlisting in the Secret Service at the time the war raged at its height in Ypres. We were doing important work with both Governments. Papers that we handled from day to day would have almost won the war itself for Germany, had she them in her grasp. Even now did her underhanded agents strive for them. Often did they stoop to low tricks to secure them, but they still had them to seek for, as tightly the walls of my private vault held them, until they could be delivered safely into the hands of higher military powers.

I waited and listened—FIVE SECONDS-SIX-SEVEN-EIGHT—

I knew I had not been dreaming, as that unearthly call again broke the stillness of the night—. I reached for my Colt—automatic and electric-torch; not stopping for my dressing gown I bounded thru the half opened door and to the head of the stairs, pressing as I did so, the electric light switch in the hallway. To my amazement, I was still in utter darkness—In my rush I dropped my torch over the stair case. I waited and listened—FIVE SECONDS-SIX-SEVEN-EIGHT—then down the stairs and to the right,—I knew this to be from the library,—came a groan—and silence again reigned.

From whom could it come—no one but the servants were at home, and what would they be doing, at this late hour, in the library. These tho'ts flashed thru my mind in an instant and then I came to my senses, leaping down the stairs, two at a stride.

What happened, from the time I reached the bottom step until I opened a pair of weary eyes, some moments later, I do not know—I can not say. I only know that from somewhere near the last step—something was hidden in the folds of darkness—something that collided quite undoubtedly with my head.

As I opened my eyes slowly, I looked into those of one I had never seen before. Somehow, I knew that, at a glance. Glancing hastily around the room, I noticed that I was bound securely in the corner of a mediumly small apartment, scantily furnished but what there was, was indeed quite elegant. The floors were heavily carpeted in blue; the furnishings in mahogany and on a large library table, quite heavy in weight and of the same wood, stood a large electric lamp with a rose shade of the finest Chinese silk. More I did not have time to notice, as those vile eyes continued their search of my face and being.

"Mr. Preston—my dear sir—you would be wondering no doubt—why and by whom you were so inconvenienced this evening——"

The piercing dark eyes, evidently having seen enough, turned, and, with them, their owner, a man of medium height but of slight stature, backed away in the dimly lighted room and presently seated himself at the table, where now I could see, scattered untidily, here and there papers of various sizes.

"——It gives me great pleasure indeed to feel that I must deal so harshly with one of your gentlemanly type, but at times—it is necessary to—force one's self upon another—coming to the point, directly and—quite suddenly, Mr. Preston—you have in your possession, papers of exceedingly great value to me—papers that I deem it imperative for me to acquire—so sir—rather than to have any unpleasantness whatsoever—you will oblige us by writing on this little card the combination to the little vault in your home on Lancaster Drive.

Placing, as he said this a little white card on a small taboret, with writing materials by my side:—I of course sat perfectly still—I was not moving a muscle. My hands were free but I was bound securely around hhe waist with an unusually large belt. My feet were also tied.—Suddenly the wide leather band tightened slightly and I ralized what a predicament I was in. I could never surrender the combination as it meant much to my country—all of the allies—Democracy was at stake;—must I die in this gruesome way? Could no help reach me? I must have——

"You refuse?—It is quite a little I ask—come now, don't delay—"

I was weakening fast as tighter—tighter that ghastly belt gripped me—the pressure was immense—helplessly I screamed—grasped at that tightening strap—felt down my side a warm trickle—[illegible] I must another minute—that stream I knew to be BLOOD. I knew that I was doomed to a [illegible] get in this vault without the proper combination. To attempt to trifle with the opening system would be certain death, as, one mis-step and the meddler would be clutched in the death trap affixed to the safe. Not the slightest sound could be made, as Sprague, my trusty servant, could easily detect such, since he slumbered wakefully, close by each night—Yes the vault was well protected against any intruder—God I couldn't live much longer in this dreaded belt—this—

"Time is slipping [illegible] my fiendish captor, as somewhere in the dark corners of the room, a small clock tingled two soft musical bells.

Rapidly I wrote—wrote nown—"7 to the right, trn back 4 ——revolve twice to the [illegible] back to six—

"Thank you most kindly Mr. Preston—now, so as to assure us of the correctness of the combination you have just given us, we shall permit you to administer the effect of these directions on your vault, and——

All too suddenly the realization came to me that I was caught in my own little trap, that I had arranged so carefully for the dogs that now had me in their power. I had written the wrong numbers.

Slipping on an overcoat, he, the man whose name I never knew, came towards me and motioned in the direction of a door on my extreme left.

From somewhere behind, I was seized by two pairs of hands. After being tightly blind-folded and gagged, I was led to the door of the apartment I never expected to see again, and for a matter of fact, was correct in my expectations for I never did see it again.

At the time I was fingering the handle of the safe—preparing to meet my doom—two pair of eyes were screwed fixedly on the vault—two more on the fateful directions I had written—the direction that were to make my end——

But then out of the darkness of night there flashed a great light—then the shrill, irksome, weird—but oh how welcome sound of a great siren—the siren that told of a coming air-raid. At first the sound made my gloom more great—the terror more real—and the night more horrible—but then it was that I thanked God for an air-raid, for as I glanced up a deadening crash sounded—so close at hand perhaps within the very block—then it was that the yellow streak of the German showed itself—then it was that the vile fiend that had trapped me in his web—the vile German agent that he was, turned terror stricken toward the door and fled—he and his dogged followers before my very eyes fled. I was too dazed to run for my life; I merely stood and gazed straight ahead.

"Mr. Preston—Oh, Mr. Preston—come quick, there is an air raid, sir—can't you hear those sirens? Down in the cellar, sir—hurry, hurry, they may hit the house."

I came around the library table and shot thru the door and down the hall. The cord of the telephone, protruded out of its box, just far enough as to cause me to trip and sprawl full length on the floor, as I dashed past. The fall served me well tho, as when I fell, my hand struck out and came in contact with cold steel. Grasping at the metal, I found it to be my electric pocket-lamp that I had lost when coming down those fatal stairs, earlier in the evening. I

judged my Colt would also be close at hand, so flashing on the electric torch, I scanned the floor, up one side and down the other. My short search was rewarded, as, there in the corner lay a small black revolver. Snatching it up, I turned and scurried toward the door, leading down into the cellar.

"Sprague," I yelled. "Where in Heaven's name are you? Come up here quickly."

"Here I am, sir. I have been calling for about five minutes. What's been all the fuss about, sir? I tried to get to you some time ago but some one—after some struggle—sure sir, and they couldn't get in with out a struggle from me—they got me—and I was tied and gagged before I knew it. I meant all right, but—"

"Shut up and be quiet," called some voice in a loud whisper; but that voice I would know anywhere, at anytime, it was the voice of Clarendon Brind.

"My Lord, how did you get here, Brind, old man; I thought you—"

"Never mind—tell you later," he snapped, "Sprague, watch that door carefully—Preston, for God's sake, don't let anything get by you on those stairs. Never mind the raid, just watch your posts—"

I heard him dash by me and plunge thru the front door, which he swung open as quickly and quietly as he closed it.

"TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK—noisily chirped the clock above the fireplace.

Brind paced up and down nervously in the large room. The green carpet blended well with his bathrobe of a darker shade. On a walnut table, often used as a desk, were, beside papers and desk sundries, two goblets. One contained mere remnants of the whisky and soda, which had feathered the near-top but a moment before. The other glass was drained to the last drop. In the corner stood a large plush-covered rocker similar to the straight chair in which I [illegible] by its side a smoking stand of brass, from which, skyward bound, a thin stream of smoke floated, from the short remains of a good Havana.

"Yes, Preston, I figured on a stab at us and that why I noised my departure quite a bit. I told the Lieutenant this morning, told him of my plan and so forth. He gave me my leave, so my time was my own, to pull off the stunt. As soon as the vessel left port, I knew you to be the only one watched."

He ceased pacing the floor and sank wearily into his chair, in the corner, and took up the remains of the old cigar. His legs were stretched forward and crossed at the feet; his inkempt dark hair, shaggily hung over his eyes of dark brown, eyes which bespoke of great determination, as did the stout, stocky nose and fairly large mouth. On his left cheek a deep scar showed. This he had received in childhood. Stealing thru the darker ones, a few stray gray hairs could be seen in front of the ears.

My friend continued in his some usual tone, by no means monotonous however, as, I have often thought I could listen to that voice by the hour, even tho he discussed nothing more exciting than "David Copperfield."

"I was lowered into a tug, as had been pre-arranged. She sprung a leak and so I came [illegible]. I followed you after they removed you from the house and—poor old fellow, you surely had a hard time of it. You shouldn't have been sacked at all, had not the rug dealt ill with us.

"It's a good thing altho unpleasant," I broke in, "you were able to track the wails which so cleverly concealed them.

"That's what I did," he ejaculated, "and was just on the point of a little raid on my own hook, when they brought you back. It's sure they were bent on murder or you would have been forced to open the vault and that could have concluded the party."

"Yes but Brind, you are so vague—how did you know they had returned after the raid?"

"Well," he answered sleepily, as he enjoyed one of his hearty laughs, "I knew that they would make a hurried escape for cover but when I saw the raid was really just a short scare, surmised a second visit of our most unwelcome guests. I waited and saw them open the side door, then I slipped out the rope and made a nice little surprise for a hurrid departure by tying the line from side to side of the outer steps—good I did it too because when they tried the stairs inside and ran into you, they turned and headed for the door—you fired and in your tremor, missed—I should have done likewise had not the first one tripped—that's how I got my man but—hang it all, in the excitement I missed the "big chief" as he hurdled the obstacle and disappeared swiftly into the shadows.

Shortly after nightfall, Clarendon Brind and I stepped into a cab which rolled hastily away, bound for what direction, I do not know. About fifteen minutes' ride brought the car to a sudden jerk, along a dark road in the west end of London.

"Wait here, until summoned, then follow along and drive up in front of the shabbiest looking structure on the block," snapped Brind as he shot a quick glance at the cab-driver.

"Surest thing you know, sir," replied the man, touching his cap and then, shoving the gears into reverse backed up the avenue away.

My partner and I hastened across the street, in the direction of an old shack deeply enveloped in the shadows. I glanced around cautiously, but saw that the Scotland Yard men, under Lieutenant Rogers' guidance, were certainly well concealed, as I could never have imagined their being somewhere in the dark did I not know that they were assisting in the case. "Stay here, hidden in the shadows until I have been gone about thirty seconds, then follow—and Preston, anyone that comes in sight after I've left—SHOOT HIM DOWN——SHOOT TO KILL."

I waited what I thought to be the allotted time, then, gun in hand, I crept around the house, in time to see a man's leg going over the ledge of the side window. Closely I watched the leg and closely mine followed it. Then we were together in the room—a room without furnishings of any kind—a room, I judged, by the pungent odor, had not been used for some time.

I grabbed Brind's arm in a deathlike grip, as, somewhere beyond that door—somewhere not far from where we stood—a small clock tingled—"ONE-TWO-THREE"—Yes it was the clock that I had listened to when that ghastly death belt gripped me in the grasp of those vile fiends.

"Lord—what was that," whispered Clarendon, as across that dark room, in the dead of night, a creak broke the silence—My nerves were atingle and strung at a high pitch—SOMEONE WAS IN THAT ROOM someone had in some way heard us—surely we hadn't made a sound. Closer—closer—I could feel that someone approach. A mis-step now, and we would lose our lives—would be defeated by—again another board creaked—somewhere in the confines of that shabby apartment existed a man—a man other than Brind and myself. Then a pair of eyes—eyes that I also could remember—eyes that I remember to this day; at night upon waking sometimes as I do—I see those dreadful eyes.

"Steady," whispered Brind,—"Shoot Preston—"

There was no need for the command, for in my unsteadily nervous hand, I grasped that gun tighter—my finger closed in on the trigger and—thru the night air, a shot broke the dead stillness. We both leaped, as, ever upon the heels of the dog with those fiendish eyes, we ran.

"My God, you've missed," screamed Brind, "after it or we'll lose."

Thru that door we raced down a flight of [illegible] steps and into the room below—a room, I later learned, was adjacent to the den in which I had been strapped.

"Crack," again broke the deathly silence of night—and in front of us, fell headlong, measuring his length on the floor—that fiend with that hunger for bloodshed—but—around the room from behind tapestries and concealed in dark corners, stepped servants of the German War Office, fully armed—but the brains, that saved us from humiliation—death—defeat,—were the brains of Clarendon Brind. He had figured on having to battle with, not one man, but a gang of them.

With arm stretched at full length, he hurled, with force untold—force that spoke of strength—into that vile den he hurled a MILLS bomb. Where or how he got it I know not, but I do know that it was his forethought that helped to save Democracy. He had routed out and outwitted the German War Base in London.

PROCESS OF MAKING BAMBOO NEEDLES.

It was F. D. Hall of Chicago, who discovered the bamboo needle of the phonograph. The Scientific American relates the many woods with which he experimented before he found the right one, and describes the intricate processes that the bamboo goes through before becoming a needle.

The hard point of the needle is formed from the enameled cortical service of the cane. The poles, 20 feet long and from two and one-half to three and one-half inches in diameter, carefully selected, are sawn into pieces about an inch long and split in two. Machines split these again into prism-shaped blanks for needles. To force out the sap and replace it with oil and wax in the myriad cells of the cane the bits are put in drip kettles and lowered into vats laden with an oily mixture at 30 degrees F., where they remain 40 hours. Then they go into tumbling barrels containing hardwood sawdust, where they get cooled and polished.

Each needle is inserted by hand into a cutting machine that snips the point into the familiar triangular form at the rate of 30,000 needles a day.

IN THE ROOM OF DEATH

By F. K. FARR, JR.

The light from the great open fire danced about the four men gathered around it. Monstrous shadows leaped and beckoned upon the walls of the room; an atmosphere of depression, or something more like fear, seemed to hang over the little group.

One of the men cleared his throat and broke the silence, speaking in a high, nervous tone:

"We are all familiar with Hawthorne's 'Great Carbuncle'; are we not? It has occurred to me what an application his opening scene has to us now. We have here the Cynic," indicating a short, thick-set man who bore the marks of the work-a-day world of business all over him, "and the Scientist," he looked toward a thin gentleman in spats and spectacles, "and I claim myself to be the counterpart of the Seeker."

"I have never read any of Hawthorne, at least I do not remember if I have," said the tall, gaunt man whose chair was at one end of the semicircle. "Explain your allusion, my dear Brownridge."

"The Great Carbuncle was sought after by seven men and a young woman," answered Brownridge, who seemed not at all averse to airing his knowledge. "The story opens by describing each character as they announce their intention of putting to use the great jewel, should they find it. There is the Scientist, Dr. Cacophodel, who declares that he will melt down the stone to find of what it is composed, and will give the results to the world in a folio volume; there is the Cynic, who is taking part in the search only to prove that no such thing as the Carbuncle exists; and there is the Seeker—one who is cursed with the never ending passion of seeking after the Carbuncle, one who can never stop in his gleaning of the mountainside after the great jewel.

"I do not believe that the other characters of the story can find their duplicates here; but you all understand that the Great Carbuncle we are seeking is the great experience which I am sure will visit us before the night is over."

His eyes took on a gleam almost of fanaticism, and he sat up straight in his chair, sweeping his glances from one to another of his hearers as he continued.

"What was it that killed Creswell? you ask. Bradley would say that a burglar was the guilty one, Professor Skelton would perhaps agree with him; you Maxwell, would say that you do not know, and that you are going to find out. But I say that it was a spirit! A spirit out of the vast array that hover about us continually, always watching for those they hate, causing all that is grotesque, all that is horrible, all that is evil, in the world. One of the spirits that haunt the brains of madmen, that inspire the most outrageous crimes that man can be guilty of, that not only suggest, but actually work their will themselves upon the luckless beings that they may desire to extinguish. Why, gentlemen, look at that chair, that chair that bears the stains of Creswell's blood——"

He directed their gaze to the chair that stood in the far corner of the room, in the midst of a little pocket of darkness, through which the shadows played with a curious effect.

"Notice how the shadows heave up in bizarre shapes. Notice the atmosphere which hangs about the spot, now, about the very room we are in. Gentlemen, this room is literally swarming with spirits from a world of which we know but little, spirits who may at any moment make us the unwilling spectators of some unnatural scene."

He had hardly finished speaking before Bradley's deep voice boomed out:

"Bah! Stuff! My dear Brownridge, I doubt that you believe all that yourself. I assure you that I don't, and I think I can vouch for Professor Skelton and Maxwell. Why, what hand but that of a man could have driven home the dagger above the heart; and what hand but that of a man could have held the dagger in the first place? Good, common reasoning is all that you need to tell that either some thief or some private enemy came in here when Creswell was in the chair yonder, drove home the dagger and got off by the window. And I certainly hope that whoever the black-hearted murderer was, he may be brought to justice."

"You say that the murderer must have escaped through the window;" was Brownridge's reply; "but I must remind you that Creswell kept wax seals over his doors and windows all the time, so that he could prove the genuineness of his spiritual experiments; and these seals proved to be intact in the morning. Furthermore, it is a well known fact that there was no man with more friends, and no man less likely to be marked for robbery, in this city; I believe that he owned nothing of value except this house itself."

"He might have had some unknown enemy who broke into the house and replaced the seals with duplicates," contended Bradley.

"But then we have the man's story, delivered before he died," triumphantly retorted Brownridge.

"That story is the most inconsistent point in your whole inconsistent argument!" cried the champion of common sense. "Would you be inclined to believe the statement of a crack-brained spook-hunter, who had suffered a bad wound and loss of blood, who all his life had been in an atmosphere of ghosts and ghostliness? I truly believe that it was his ambition to die at the hands of one of your much-adored malignant spirits! I ask you again, would you believe it?"

"Yes!" said Brownridge tensely. "I believe it as surely as I had been on the spot. Imagine, gentlemen—that first terrible attack—then those long midnight hours of anguish huddled in the chair—then those still longer hours, crawling, crawling, over the floor. See his trail marked on the carpet—see where he paused to fight off the little devils as they were closing in—see where his creeping ended and he found him! Then the story—the story they got from those almost lifeless lips—would those lips frame a lie? Would those lips give expression to a mere thrill-seeker's imagination? No, Creswell's story was as true as truth."

Professor Skelton, who had been listening attentively, flicked his cigar into the fire and started to speak; his dry pedagogic voice sounded as if he was addressing a class.

"I am willing to accept theory, my friends. I am quite sure that spirits do exist. But whether they are as active, as malignantly active, as Brownridge would have them, as near to a nonentity as Bradley says, remains to be proved. I regard this evening as a scientific occasion of not a little promise. Never have I found conditions so perfect for investigation. I have provided myself with a fountain pen and a blank book, and I intend to take copious notes on everything we observe. If anything develops, indeed, if nothing develops, I shall prepare a paper and read it before the Society for Psychical Research. I have a plan on which I believe we may pin our hopes for an experience of great significance; but before I propose it, let me ask Mr. Maxwell to give us his opinion."

"I have none," said the detective, raising his bushy eyebrows. "People in my business must not cultivate opinions."

"Very well," continued the professor. "I will state my plan. It is now ten minutes of midnight; the murder, according to Creswell's story, took place on the stroke of twelve. Now if we concentrate our imagination on the scene as he described it, which took place in this room so recently, I believe that we may be able to influence the spirits, if there be such, to rehearse the scene for us. If, within half an hour, so nothing has happened, I believe that three of us ought to go to sleep, concentrating our last consciousness on the scene, and the fourth remain awake to act as a physical recipient of whatever phenomena our dreams may conjure up."

"Good!" cried Brownridge; "I am sure that we shall be rewarded with a manifestation such as will prove my theory that it was not a mortal hand that struck down Creswell."

Bradley was quick to take up the challenge.

"Certainly!" he boomed. "Professor, your experiment will convince our fanatical friend that his ghosts are made of material that melts in the light of common sense."

"In a few minutes the clock will strike the hour of twelve," said Professor Skelton, "let us all concentrate our faculties on the scene which we will suppose was enacted in this room twenty-four hours ago."

The men sat still and tense; not a sound was heard in the room save the ticking of the clock, which showed five minutes of twelve.

The detective looked straight into the fire, lines of troubled thought upon his face. Bradley sat, frankly skeptical, an unlighted cigar sticking up at a truculent angle from the corner of his mouth. The professor shut his eyes and ground his fists against his temples, in his effort to concentrate; and Brownridge kept his gaze fastened on the chair which was faintly outlined in the corner of the room.

The minutes crept by. The men felt an indefinite Something which made them want to get up and run from the room; although not one of them, unless it were Brownridge, would have admitted it, cold stark Fear had them in its grip.

It now lacked just one minute of midnight; in a few seconds Something from out of the beyond would be in the room, tearing at their self-control, parading horror after horror before their minds until the strongholds should totter and they go down to a fate like that of Creswell.

A slow, deliberate rasp from the clock gave warning that the hour was about to strike. The men set their mouths in hard, thin lines and waited, shuffling their chairs toward each other.

The first stroke of the clock tore out of the silence and fell upon their ears like the noise of a cannon; then, steady and rhythmical, came the full twelve strokes.

For a moment, a great lowering Something seemed to hang in the room, blotting out their courage, sapping their faith in material things, wrenching their brains in the effort to pull them across the line into the region from which none returns sane; a Something which deadened the firelight, blackened the shadows, and crouched.

The tension gave way as swiftly as it had come. Professor Skelton dragged himself to his feet, pale to the eyebrows; great beads of sweat were on Bradley's forehead; deep terror-graven lines appeared in Maxwell's face; even Brownridge ,avowed believer in things spiritual, showed that he had passed under a strain.

"You felt it!" cried he triumphantly, levelling his finger at Bradley, "after that, can doubt for a minute? You can not deny that there was Something in the room! Something that was more than natural!"

"There was—Something," admitted Bradley in a somewhat awed tone, "but I guess you could explain that as a hallucination brought on by our all thinking of a horrible thing; anyway, you'll have to SHOW me a ghost before I'll believe in it!"

The man was doing just what a small boy alone in the dark would—whistling to keep up his courage.

"There is nothing for us to do but carry out our experiment," said the professor; his voice lacked the confident ring which had been in it when he proposed his plan a quarter of an hour before. "I propose that we divide the rest of the evening into watches of an hour each. I believe that if we stand watch in the order in which we are seated, beginning with Maxwell's end of the line, and if we all relate our experiences at the end of each hour and watch together for about fifteen minutes, we will get some light on the Thing which we all felt."

"Very well," said the detective; "I will start my watch right now." The other men prepared to sleep, agreeing to compare their dreams when Maxwell should awake them one hour later.

The detective sat gazing into the fire; his confidence seemed to have returned, for the lines of fear were gone from his face. As soon as he was sure that all the men were asleep, he passed in front of them and looked into the face of each. He then made a quick round of the room, examining the fastenings of all the doors and windows. The rest of his hour was spent at his place by the fire.

When the men were wakened, no one had anything to report, and Bradley started on his watch without delay. His first act was to light a cigar, and he then drew a chair close to the fire, at which he stared diligently, taking his eyes off it only to cast long, frightened glances over his shoulder about the room. Certainly the scene presented by the old, shabby furniture, the huge, gilt-framed pictures on the walls, the massive doors and heavily curtained windows, all danced over by the sinister beckoning shadows, was not anything to strengthen the courage of a watcher by night.

At last the hour was past; Bradley wakened the others, but no one had any experience to relate except Brownridge, who said that he felt a very strong premonition that something was going to be revealed to them in the next watch.

Brownridge stood for some time in the center of the room, gazing about him with his expression of a sensation-seeker who has found the thing he desires.

Bradley stirred uneasily in his sleep, and a cynical smile curved over the lips of the solitary watcher; then in a spirit of bravado, Brownridge walked into the darkest corner of the room and sat down in the chair that the murdered man had occupied; but, it must be admitted, not before he had carefully looked underneath and all around the chair. His search revealed nothing more than a large chest, covered with the dust of months of neglect.

As the old clock ticked on and on, Brownridge found it increasingly hard to maintain his position in the chair. He kept running his fingers uneasily over the dark stains on its upholstery. He could not keep his eyes from wandering along the bloody trail upon the carpet; and if he managed to wrench his attention from either of these, he found himself staring with a fascinated gaze at the great folding doors in the end of the room.

A thousand little imps began to trample across his brain. His nerves, always high strung, were racked by a myriad of evil darts. Wave after wave of a horrible dragging emotion seemed to be rolling up from the farther corners of the room, and breaking over his head; an awful feeling of impotence gripped him. Suddenly he leaped from the chair and ran to the fireplace; and his feet would take him no other way than the trail of blood on the carpet.

"Men!" he implored, his voice rising to a terrified cry, "the storm is gathering. In another moment it will break and sweep us away! The Powers of Darkness are pressing me down—I can't bear it alone! We must stand together now, and resist the deluge with every nerve on the alert!" Even in his terror, his instinct for gradly-worded phrases was showing itself. But his mere words as he spoke them can convey only the slightest notion of his despair.

Some power over which he had no control seemed to be bearing down upon him and he felt that soon all would be lost.

Maxwell, the detective, screamed aloud. In the same moment he was at the window, and had torn aside the hangings. He turned a stark, fear-striken face to the three who had rushed over to him.

"I felt that someone was at the window, that someone was watching us through the curtains, and the terror of it struck me so that I could not repress a cry; Look! look! out on the lawn! ——"

As the men crowded around the window, did something slip out of the chest, behind the chair, or was it simply a trick of the light and shadow?

The men hurried back to the fireside, Bradley endeavoring to calm the fears of the other three, and, incidentally, of himself.

Suddenly a dry sound came from the throat of Brownride. With a shaking finger he pointed at the chair of death.

The others saw a sight fit to shake the faith of the staunchest materialist; there in the old arm chair was the figure of Allan Creswell, staring with set eyeballs squarely at the little group—and above his heart there was a stain of crimson!

Stricken dumb the four watchers stared at the apparition; then the oaken sliding doors beside the chair and the thing which sat in it slid slowly apart, and as they opened, a tall ghostly form, robed and cowled in gray, appeared and glided into the room, slowly approaching the chair.

The thought came rushing into the brain of the professor—here was the scene the murdered man described, enacted to the last detail!

Now a long arm appeared from beneath the robes of the form; a glistening dagger was held above the luckless specter which cowered in the chair.

With a wild cry, Brownridge leaped towards the window; but he crashed to the floor with Detective Maxwell pinning him down. In another moment the two ghosts had sprung to their superior's aid. Casting off their grisly robes they became literal plain clothes men, who held the struggling Brownridge while Maxwell turned to the professor and Bradley. "Gentlemen," said he, "this is the self-exposed murderer of Allan Creswell!"

Brownridge exerted superhuman strength and cast his captors from him; he picked the dagger from the floor and held it over his heart.

"Darkness!" he cried, lunacy written plain in every line of his staring face. "Darkness and Night!"

The dagger plunged into his breast, driven in up to the hilt. The murderer fell to the floor, and died.

One of the men covered the body with a ghost's robe. Then they huddled together and hurried from the room.

But they left behind them Something else besides the corpse upon the floor. Something, besides the shadows that now danced wearily to the dying glow of the fire; Something which crouched above the flimsy masquerade that covered the body of the suicide; Something which closed in upon the expiring circle of light. Something which leered and crept, and—mocked.

A THREE-ACE DECK

By C. FRAPRIE WOOD.

In the colored circles at Long Branch, one summer, the event of the season was a poker game for the championship between a clever New York darkey whose nobby clothes and metropolitan airs were the envy of all the "coons" in the place, having acquired for himself the sobriquet of "beau," and the assistant stableman of the hotel where I was stopping, whose modest pretensions were restricted to a pretty good knowledge of horses, cards and dice.

The affair took place in the large harness room at one end of the carriage house, back of the hotel, and was witnessed by a number of colored gentlemen from the neighborhood, who were invited for the express purpose of celebrating the occasion in the beer and cigars, which were liberally provided.

The game was a fifty dollar freeze-out, half-dollar limit, and there were four referees. The cards used was a deck which had done good service during the summer, and had lately been shy an ace. This fact appeared to make no difference to the dusky gamesters, and, as no other pack seemed to be available, they played away with this one, making due allowance for the absent card. They had so accustomed themselves to this, that, on the night in question, no one seemed to have thought of procuring other cards, and, no objections being offered by either of the interested parties, these were used.

The game started at about eleven o'clock, and by midnight was well underway. The beer was opened after the second jack-pot, as the intense excitement had made everybody thirsty. For some time things went pretty evenly, each holding fairly good hands, and the entire audience was on the keen scent for an exhibition of "skin dealing" and other tricks, for which the two were noted. The stable man lost over half his money before the game was twenty minutes old, but he partially recouped the loss by opening a good-sized pot on a pair of jacks and standing "pat," thereby scaring his opponent "out" on the third bet, who held three sevens. He followed this up with a king full against three queens, getting half the other's money. The city chap then had a run of luck, and once more the coin was about evenly divided. And so the game see-sawed, neither seemingly to gain permanent advantage over the other. At about two a. m., when the stakes were even again for the third time, the "beau" broke out with a proposition.

"I say, Sam," said he, "how'll dis hit yer? Les lump de cash an' make one big jack-pot, an' whoever hits it is de boy' man."

"I'se wid yer," answered Sam. "Jis shuffle de bo'rds an' we'll cut fo' deal."

Every cent of the stakes was promptly shoved into the middle of the table, and the cards shuffled and cut, Sam winning the deal. Three hands were passed in rapid succession with "openers." The "beau" dealt the fourth hand. Sam looked long and carefully at his cards and then said: "I'll open, an' tek two kyards." Everyone present was keyed up to the highest pitch by this announcement, and those in the rear craned their heads forward to get a better view of the situation. For several seconds no sounds could be heard but that of labored breathing.

The "beau" coolly gave Sam two cards, and glanced once more at his own.

"Cash' pat," he said, after a moment's pause.

A murmur of surprise and expectation ran through the audience.

"W'at yo' got, my fr'en'?" asked Sam, as he picked up the drawn cards.

Without a word the other laid his hand on the table, displaying four kings and a ten-spot, whereupon a yell went up from the crowd, and they looked at Sam to see what effect the "show-down" had on him.

He shut one eye and gazed straight at his opponent with the other. Drawing a long breath, he threw his cards face upward on the table, and remarked:

"Dey ain't no good, nigger, I'se fo' aces an' a juice." And sure enough, so he had.

A more astonished set of darkies one never saw. They could not seem to utter a single word, and simply stared at the four aces as though they were something supernatural. The defeated one was knocked completely out; but he soon rallied, and, with glaring eyes, demanded, in a husky voice: "Ware de debbil did yo' git dat ace? Da wa' oney tree in de pack wen we stu'ted. Ref'ree," he asked turning deniedly to the judges, "does yo' 'low dis?"

These gentlemen, however, were too much dumbfounded by the turn affairs had unexpectedly taken to make any immediate reply, so Sam answered for them. Leaning his elbows on the money and shaking a long index finger at him in the other's face, he said:

"Where'd I git dat ace, nigger? I foun' dat ace in yo' pocket, when yo' sent me to get two cigars outen de mawnin."

A roar of laughter followed this remark, mingled with jeers and hisses for the "coon" who was caught in his own trap and did not dare kick.

Boiling with rage and without making the least effort to prevent Sam from pocketing the stakes, the "beau" arose from his chair and strode to the door. Turning around he shook his fist at the winner and his friends, exclaiming:

"I'se bin 'customed all my life to play wid gen'l'min, but I took yo' coons fo' dat, but I'se foun' to ma sorrer dat I mistaken, an' if I ever ketch dat yaller nigger, what spilled dat lose ace on me to-nite up in New York, I'll make him wish dat do mohicken hoodoo had took him wen he was bo'n. I'd do it now, but all his fr'en's am sev'ral too much fo' me, d—n yers!"

With this he walked off into the darkness, followed by shrieks of laughter, cat calls, and other derisive sounds.

More beer was then opened, and the winner was toasted as "the slickest coon in Monmouth Co." for each and every darky present was overjoyed at the complete downfall of the "beau" with all his airs and affected superiority.

A BIRD THAT HATES DARKNESS.

For many years the annual migration of the birds, although a perfectly familiar fact, was shrouded in mystery. Except in the case of a few birds like the robin, which winters not far south of its summer home, no one knew where the song birds or the short birds went in the fall, or when they began their northward flight in the spring.

But the subject has been carefully and patiently studied, so many observers and naturalists that it is no longer impossible to answer these questions. The cliff swallows and blackpoll warblers spend their winters in tropical South America; the golden plover, which nests on the Arctic shores, winters 3,000 miles away in Argentine; the scarlet tanager is to be found in December and January in Ecuador and Peru, and the bobolink in southern Brazil.

For a long time it was thought that the golden plover broke off the palm for length of flight between summer and winter homes, but now that distinction is awarded to the Arctic tern. This bird breeds as far north as it can find anything stable on which to construct its nest; it has been found within seven and a half degree of the pole. And that nest was found surrounded by a wall of newly fallen snow which the mother bird had carefully scooped out from round her chick.

The tern arrives in the Far North about June 15th, and leaves again for the south toward the end of August, when the young are able to fly strongly. Two or three months later the birds are found skirting the edge of the Antarctic continent, 11,000 miles away. What their track is over that vast space no one yet knows.

A few individuals are occasionally seen along the New England coast or Long Island coast in the fall but the flocks of thousands and thousands of these gregarious birds which alternate from pole to pole have never been met by any trained observer competent to learn their preferred path and their time schdule. They must travel at least 150 miles a day—apart from their flights in search or pursuit of food—to carry them within ten or twelve weeks from one end of the world to the other.

The Arctic tern enjoys more hours of sunlight than any other creature on the globe. The sun never sets during its stay in at the northern nesting grounds, and during the stay in the south it has two months of continuous sunlight and practical daylight for between six and eight months of the year.

THE DETECTIVE'S MISTAKE

A Serial Story

By GILBERT MACKEY.

CHAPTER XII.

BEGINNING OF A LONG CHASE.

urned away, visibly moved. To pronounce the e upon a young man so full of promise had in the extreme. The prisoner was removed, was dismissed. The lights were extinguished, of the General Sessions, so far as it concerned ne, forever closed. Ten minutes later, and und himself standing upon the Chambers Street uilding, leaning against the steps of the Court g as though his heart would break. Suddenly aid kindly upon his shoulder, and a manly voice words:

old boy!" There's balm in Gilead yet. Much in two months' time to alter the decision of

his head. Sim Scudder stood before him, looking to his face with pitying eyes. The part played tive in the whole affair seemed now to come th crushing force

our doings Sim Scudder," he said, angrily. nded poor Al from the first. You, who knew too, who knew as well as I do now that as pure and innocent as a child's. I hate you—y hate you, for the part you have played in

me, Andy Fenn," answered the detective quietly, raught in the eye!"

want to look at you. I never want to see your

l after last night?"

even after last night. If you still believe Al guilty of the murder of Edson Gaylor, you are mine; no, not if you had saved my life ten nstead of once."

er laughed shortly.

e if makes all the difference in the world," he quietly as before. "Andy Fenn, for the first official career, I feel that I have made a terrible ntil today I believed our friend guilty, and did convict him of this crime.

ng. I now believe him to be innocent—innoof the decision of the jury, in spite of the sencourt. Will you help me to undo my work, me to correct my terrible mistake while there- If you will, place your hand in mine, my faithand say that you forgive me for what I have God is my judge, I acted from motives of duty

der!" exclaimed the boy, looking up with his from weeping, "why do you ask me such a Then you talk like that, you know as well as that I'm with you every time."

ed the detective, linking his arm within that and walking rapidly toward Broadway.

fellows so devoted to his cause as you and I, nstantine must and shall be saved!"

CHAPTER XIII.

classic, and by no means over cleanly precincts Universal Lodging-House," upon the west side of reet, not a great way below the square, upon ng after the now celebrated Constantine murder emerged a young man, at a little after seven lo, with an air of one having important business rned with a quick movement in the direction of , and walked rapidly up the street. It was no nage than our brisk young acquaintance, Mas- Fenn. The "Universal," ten-cent lodging-house was, was the best residence that in the present ite of the young man's finances he could afford, and with true pride, he was not ashamed to have the fact known. It is true that our young friend is now comfortably dressed, and in accordance with the demands of the season, his last summer's suit having been cast aside. So much engaged were we with the trial in the last chapter, that we had time only to briefly allude to this change in the personal appearance of the boy. It was all owing to Sim Scudder, and this is the way in which it occurred: For months the detective had lost sight of his friend being much occupied with his own affairs, and Andy entirely too proud to ask help of him or any one else. Upon that memorable rainy night on which Andy had undertaken to follow Bowery Mag, Sim Scudder had entered the "Sailors' Return" in disguise, upon the track of a certain individual who bears no relation to this tale, whom he had been employed to shadow by the chief of police. He was the drunken man-o'-war's man of the Powhattan, who had been apparently asleep, and snoring at the table behind which Andy conversed with the woman and obtained from her the iron ring. Of course, he recognized the young man at once, and his curiosity being aroused to learn what had brought him into such a place, he had feigned sleep, and overheard every word which passed between the couple at the table next adjoining his. He had seen the ring, heard the woman's hypocritical protestations of a desire to reform her evil ways; and more than half deceived by this shrewd person himself, had determined to supply Andy with the money to obtain the ring and the paper without disclosing his own identity to the boy. This he accomplished by slipping the roll of bills into Andy's hand, as he explained later on, and being over of a suspicious nature where the criminal classes are concerned, determined to accompany the boy wherever the woman might lead him. That he took this precaution was most fortunate, as we have seen. But for his opportune presence in the hallway of the Bayard street den, in all probability Andy Fenn would now have been numbered among the dead. That night Sim Scudder insisted that his friend should return and sleep with him—he being himself unmarried—at his boarding-house in Brooklyn, and upon the following day he not only insisted upon purchasing for Andy an entire suit of clothes, but pressed upon his acceptance twenty-five dollars as well, telling the boy he owed it to him, he might feel more at ease. Upon leaving him—that is after the trial—for Andy resolutely refused to meet him at a well-known beer-garden in the Bowery upon the following evening, when they would begin upon their search for the true murderers of Edson Gaylord together.

"Meantime fly around yourself and see what you can do during the day," had been Sim Scudder's advice. "Talk with Al again about the case, glean all the information you can, and at night be ready to report to me at the appointed time and place."

If was in pursuance of these instructions that Andy had now started out. As he passed up the Bowery with rapid step he could but marvel at the change which had come over his own personal feelings since the day before. A good night's rest had done much to temper his grief at the misfortunes of his unhappy friend, and the fact that if he was saved at all it would be due to his efforts alone awakened in his breast a sense of responsibility that made him feel himself a man again. To be sure, Andy had not sunk very low. He had not become a drunkard through his misfortunes, nor yet a tramp; but he could not hide from himself that, having lost heart and ambition, as far as the latter condition was concerned, he had been rapidly drifting that way.

Now, thanks to the friend in need, which he had found in the warm-hearted Scudder, all this was changed. Andy Fenn was a man once more. He had already determined that the Holly Tree Inn, presided over by the red-nosed Mr. Dorris, should be his first objective point. He would breakfast there, interview Miss Jennie herself, and see what she knew of the woman who had partaken of eggs and tea in her establish-

ment upon the night of the storm. He hastened to Delancy Street, and entering the little restaurant, ordered a frugal breakfast of bread, coffee and eggs. He was waited upon by the red-nosed religionist himself, who eyed him suspiciously. Evidently he recognized in him the principal witness for the defense in the trial of the day before. However, the fellow showed no disposition to talk, and having filled Andy's order, retreated silently to another part of the room. To the boy's surprise and disappointment, Miss Jennie, the pretty cashier, was not visible. He dawdled as long as possible over his breakfast, even going to the extravagance of a second cup of coffee, but she did not appear. Possibly she had not yet arisen. Several times Andy was on the point of questioning Dorris himself, but the man glared at him so savagely, as he waited upon the adjoining tables, that he wisely concluded that by such a course there was nothing to be gained. He therefore paid his check in silence, resolving to return and look in on Miss Jennie later in the day.

Leaving the Holly Tree Inn, he now bent his steps toward the Tombs, a very familiar spot to him, for not a week had passed since his friend's imprisonment that he had not visited him once or twice. Upon his arrival he was at once shown to Al Constantine's cell. This had now been changed to that portion of the gloomy prison alloted to those condemned to die, and known and dreaded by all under the name of "Murderer's Row." He found the unfortunate young man seated upon the side of his bed in his shirt sleeves, reading a book presented by himself in his more prosperous days. He looked a trifle paler and more worn than on the previous day. Otherwise there was no perceptible change in his appearance.

"Good morning, Al."

Such was his salutation as the turnkey admitted him into the cell.

"Andy!"

Flinging down his book, the young prisoner sprang to his feet, and seized both hands of the boy within his own.

"How glad I am to see you!" he said, shaking his hands warmly. "Every one else has forgotten me, but, thank God, in you I have one friend who has remained true through all my troubles. Sit down on the bed here and let me look at you. I was almost afraid that you too would desert me, now that I am actually condemned to die."

"As if that would make the slightest difference," exclaimed the visitor, seating himself upon the bed. "You are innocent, and I know it, and we don't despair of proving you innocent to the world yet."

"We? Who do you mean by we? Besides yourself I haven't a friend in the world.

"There you are wrong. You have a friend in Sim Scudder, if you only knew it.

The prisoner shook his head sadly.

"No, no, Andy. Sim Scudder has hounded me on to the death from the first."

"Al, you are wrong. He only did his duty, believing you guilty. Now he has altered his opinion, and realizes that he has made a terrible mistake. I tell you he means to devote himself to undoing what he has done."

"But he can't do it. Neither he nor Maurice Barrytown have shown me any mercy from the first."

"Well, you can't blame Maurice for the part he's taken. I don't like him for a cent myself, after the cold shoulder he's given me since my own troubles came on; but, married as he is to Ella Gaylord, you must admit that it is only natural that he should take up on the side of her family. Come, now, ain't that a fact?"

"I suppose so, but I feel sore over it, nevertheless."

"Well never mind either Maurice or Sim just now. I've started on the search for the real murderer, and I want your help."

"What help can I give you?"

"Tell me all the points you know."

"Why, I've told you all a dozen times."

"I know it, but I want to hear it again. First of all, about Jennie Dorris. Has she ever been to see you?"

The countenance of the prisoner suffused slightly.

"Several times," he replied, softly. "Jennie loves me, and is true as steel."

"I should say so, after the way she came out yesterday in court."

"That didn't help matters any, and I'm afraid her father will half kill her for what she did. He's a perfect scoundrel, Andy, and a hypocrite as well."

"So I should suppose. Were you and Jennie actually engaged?"

For a moment young Constantine did not reply.

"The fact is, I have been reticent about the connection of Jennie Dorris with my unfortunate case—"

"Reticent! I should say you had. You will talk of anything else, but always shut up like an oyster when one touches on that."

"And not without good cause, Andy; but as reticence will no longer help matters. I will now tell you what amounts to but little, as you will see.

"Jennie Dorris and i met first several years ago, became interested in each other at once. Secretly came engaged, and were to have been married soon after, had not this unfortunate affair occurred.

"Her father is a perfect tyrant, mean, hypocritical, selfish to the last degree. He always opposed me as his daughter, solely on the ground that I had no money.

"For a while we got along after a fashion. He tolerated my visits to his house, but when our marriage was spoken of, would neither consent nor refuse.

"At last Edson Gaylord came along. He was rich, fashionable and engaging, and moreover promised the sinner five thousand dollars down on the day that she became his wife."

"And did Jennie consent to this?"

"By no means. She indignantly refused. She learned after the murder. It was the boast of Edson Gaylord that he had won her consent, and it was through the way in which he alluded to her that caused me to kill him as I did.

"Now," I well knew the fortunate position in which my dear girl—for she is very dear to me, Andy—was placed by this wretched affair, and I made up my mind to keep my lips religiously sealed as to our true relations, people though they were and with the hope that her future with her father might become no more unpleasant than it really was."

"But wouldn't it have been better if you had told them all this in court?"

"I don't think so. My counsel knew all the facts, I know, and that was enough. If I had encouraged her to side openly with me, her father would have driven her out of the house, and God knows what might have become of the poor girl in such an event as that."

"Well, perhaps you are right," answered Andy, doubtfully. "There was nothing to be gained by dragging Mrs. Brown into the case, but tell me, Al, what do you think the woman Mrs. Brown and the story of Bowery Mike told on the stand?"

"I don't know what to think. I never saw them prior to my knowledge. Are you sure she had my lost ring?"

"Sure! Didn't I have it on my own finger? I was a perfect fool to let it slip as I did. I tell you, Al, I can only say what you please, old Dorris knows that woman and they are all linked together against you, with the exception with the long beard who talked to her in the concert hall, thrown in. I shouldn't wonder a mite if he was the same fellow that came into my room and pulled the banjo off your banjo."

He rapidly related his adventures of the previous night.

"Well," said Al Constantine, when he had finished, "it is all exceedingly strange. Who these people can be, and what possible motive old Dorris can have for desiring to see me hung, is more than I can imagine."

"They are the confederates of the real murderer, I feel it. I know it. Of course the story the woman told me of the paper is all false. They are simply employed securing your conviction to shield the real author of the crime."

"I began to think so myself, though what Dorris can have had to do with it——"

"Pshaw! If the man would sell his daughter, is he capable of taking money to help by his false witness convict you of this crime?"

"True; I never thought of that."

"Did you ever threaten Ed Gaylord in his presence?"

"No, I never threatened him at all."

"There you have it. He goes on the stand and swears you did. Why would he do such a thing unless he was paid?"

"Andy, you ought to have been a detective. Why, in staring me in the face it does me good to hear you begin to believe you are right. I am but a scapegoat for someone else, made so by the unfortunate circumstance of my quarrel with Gaylord upon that fatal night."

"Exactly, and to throw suspicion on you, the man who probably witnessed your quarrel, put that bank note into the hand of his victim. Al, I don't believe that you was ever on your banjo."

"Nor do I. I remember but little of what happened that terrible night, but I could almost swear that the thing on my banjo still clung to my keys after I struck Gaylord over the head with it. They were broken, it is true, but they were not pulled entirely off."

"That's just where the point comes in. That was a fellow, who I almost believe was the murderer himself, crept in at my window and yanked off that bass string from your banjo as it lay on the bureau? Don't you see?"

"It is very reasonable, but then there is one point I don't think of, Andy?

hat's that?"
murderer put the banjo string in Gaylord's hand.
ot only have seen me break the banjo over his
he must also have had a banjo himself from
efore this string."
ge! Al, I never thought of that!"
ou see that I'm right?"
rtainly I do. But surely there could not have been
e on that ferryboat with banjos besides ourselves?"
likely, to say the least."
reat heavens! man, you don't suspect me of the mur-
Sim, nor Maurice Barrytown? That would be

know I did not do it. Someone with a banjo did."
t one of us left the cabin beside yourself. Stay,
Maurice did. He went out to look for you."
course it is absurd to suspect Maurice," was the re-
ed as he was to Gaylord's sister, and her brother's
friend. No, no, of course it was none of 'our own
t then, how could another fellow with a banjo have
oard the Nevada and been seen by no one?"

He might have been in the ladies' cabin or hidden
rse-way. The ferry-hands are not observing, espe-
t night when they are half asleep."
Andy, if you are going to play detective yourself,
more is to find out what that unknown banjoist
e been."

hat I will do if it costs my life," cried the boy with
ve, now rising to his feet, for the turnkey had en-
warn the visitor that his time was up. "Cheer up,
; keep up your spirits, whatever you do. Any mes-
Jennie Dorris? I am going to dine at the Holly Tree
ht, and have a little talk with her to see if I can
at she knows of this woman Brown, alias Bowery

her my fondest love, Andy. Tell her I long to see
not to get herself into more trouble than she has
or my sake, whatever else she does."
ht. I'll look out for her myself a bit."
he?
ld the boy dream that the fates had willed that gen-
Dorris should look out for him!
ng the Tombs, he determined to visit police head-
where he knew Sim Scudder to be engaged, and tell
his conversation with the prisoner and of the new
had formed in the case.
and Sim Scudder busily engaged over a great pile of
studying up a case.
ceived the boy kindly, and listened to all he had to

thought of all this before, Andy," he answered, when
friend had finished. "And, in justice to myself, let
at I made particular inquiries regarding the presence
ysterious banjoist on the berryboat, but could learn
ding at all. The hands on the Nevada all positively
that there was no one on the boat but ourselves and
back in which Gaylord met his death. Perhaps I
have investigated further, but believing as I did in
of Al Constantine, I let the matter drop. However,"
"it had best be looked into again. I will make it
cial business tomorrow to examine the banjo, and the
refully, and see if anything can be learned there."
et you what you like, Sim Scudder, that the string
Gaylord's hand was never on that banjo at all."
that it may prove so, but I can't spend any more
lking now. Meet me at the Thespian Garden tonight
o'clock, and we'll see what can be done."
n the day it occurred to Detective Scudder that there
dy been quite enough of putting off till tomorrow
h could as well be done today in this Constantine
al when he left police headquarters to keep his ap-
nt with Andy Fenn, he had already examined the
th the greatest care, and carried the broken bass string
wrappd in a bit of tissue paper within the pocket of

while, Andy spent the day actively working on the

sited his old home on Bedford Avenue, Williamsburg,
although it cost him many a pang to enter the house
amined with greatest care the surroundings in the rear.
e sure, he had done all this before, but in undertaking
e the mystery of the Gaylord murder he had resolved
e no stone unturned, and, if necessary, to do over again
ing which had been done toward such a solution before.
more he thought about the mysterious midnight in-
into his room, the more thoroughly convinced he be-
that the man, whoever he might have been, never
the yards at all.
ain the rear fence and escape by way of the vacant lots
have required a certain amount of time.

This time the intruder had not possessed.

Scarce half a minute had elapsed after his exit before Andy had thrust his head from that window himself.

Had anyone have crossed either yard in the bright moonlight, he must surely have been seen.

But one other explanation remained.

The man must have come from one of the other houses in the row, with which the grape-arbor connected behind.

Which one Andy had no possible means of knowing.

The conclusion at which he had arrived only served to deepen the mystery—that was all.

Next he visited the Holly Tree Inn once more.

As had been the case in the morning, pretty Jennie Dorris did not appear.

This time Andy summoned courage to ask her father as to her whereabouts, only to be gruffly invited to attend to his own affairs.

I wanted yet a quarter to eight o'clock when the boy entered the Thespian Garden on the Bowery and seating himself at a table called for a glass of beer.

As he still had fifteen minutes to spare before the time appointed to meet the detective, he amused himself scanning the faces of those seated at the various tables scattered around the room, and in listening to the music of a female orchestra, who wer discoursing a waltz from a raised platform at one end of the room.

As he did so his eyes fell upon a young, fashionably-dressed man, with a light mustache, seated at a table adjoining his own.

He was dressed in light cassimere pants, a dark cutaaway coat and vest. A black derby hat was tilted rakishly to one side of his head; he carried a light bamboo cane in his hand.

"Now, I've certainly seen that face before," muttered Andy to himself; "where, I'm blest if I could tell."

As he looked attentively at the young man, he saw that he was being observed by him as well.

A he same moment a woman brushed hastily by him, and passed into the street.

So intent was Andy in observing the young man before him that he paid no attention to the woman at all.

Suddenly the object of his attention arose, and passing the distance between the tables, seated himself by his side.

"Andrew Fenn," he whispered, in quick, hurried tones, spoken in a boyish voice, "if you would help your friend) Al Constantine, for Heaven's sake don't lose a moment. Follow that woman who just passed us. Did you not see her face? It was Bowery Mag."

Andy gazed at the speaker in astonishment.

"Who are you?" he ejaculated. "Your face is familiar, but to save my soul, I can't call your name."

"It doesn't matter. I am the friend of Al Constantine, and that is enough. Be quick, or the woman will have escaped."

There was a nervous animation about the young man that conveyed itself to his hearer.

Andy Fenn sprang to his feet, and bidding the young man follow him rushed out of the saloon.

"Here she is—just ahead of us! See! She is turning the corner of Bayord Street now."

"And I'll wring her secret from her!" cried the boy. "I will, no matter what it costs. Come, young feller, we must overtake that woman. We can introduce ourselves later on."

He started down the Bowery on the run, the young man pressing close behind.

The woman turned into Bayard Street.

Her pursuers turned the corner, too.

Passing hastily about two-thirds of the length of the block, between the Bowery and Chrystie Street, she turned to enter an old-fashioned brick dwelling.

It was the very house into which they boy had been decoyed a few nights before.

Andy glanced at the house, and saw, what he had not previously observed, that what had once been the parlor floor of the dwelling was now used as a saloon.

The front door was opened, the windows brilliantly lighted.

A gilt sign occupying the entire space between the two windows bore the inscription:

A. Shampansky, Wines, Liquors and Lager Beer.

It was evidently a resort for persons of the neighboring Polish Jew quarter of the city—at least so the name of its proprietor would seem to imply.

Scarce had he foot of the woman touched the first step of the little stone stoop than the hand of Andy Fenn was laid upon her arm.

"Good evening Mag."

The woman turned and faced him.

A peculiar glitter was visible in her eyes.

"Hello! young fellow," she exclaimed, in the most engaging tones. "You here again? Where did you you run to the other night? When I opened the door of my room to let you in you had skipped."

(To be continued.)

STRANGE EXPERIENCES

THE HAND OF FATE.

The following incident was my strangest experience. I was connected with the Secret Service, and was ordered to run down a dangerous gang of Italian counterfeiters who had issued some spurious five-dollar bills on the Iamaqua bank. The money was such a clever imitation that experienced bank tellers were deceived and readily took them. You cannot judge the location of a counterfeiting plant by the place where a large quantity of the "queer" is shoved out, for a bundle of it is often taken to a far distant city for circulation. The engraving of the bills was closely studied for certain criminals have their own way of working, and I became convinced that the plates were made by the notorious Jim Coon. It was his style of engraving. He had when honest, been an employee of the banknote company, and his work was familiar. Drink brought the loss of his job and it did not take him long to drift in with the crooks. He did a stretch at Sing Sing for a dirty job, but instead of curing him he went right back to his old associates, and was soon known to be on friendly terms with a bunch of Italian counterfeiters, but we never could get the goods on him, although we knew he hung out with Tony Strapino's gang. When I saw the Iamaqua banknote and realized that Jim Coon engraved it, I by induction inferred that the Strapino gang had printed the bogus money. It was my next step to locate Tony's men, and when they were under surveillance, I shadowed them to locate their plant. They were wary and baffled me for a time, but at length I saw Tony go into a respectable boarding house where he lived, and while shadowing the house for his reappearance I saw him climb out an upper side window from his room. An alley separated his boarding place from the house next door which had a deserted look and had a bill "To Let." Opposite Tony's window was another window in the vacant house, the sash of which was open. He reached over the three-foot space and pulled himself across into the empty house. It was nine o'clock at night, the full moon and stars in the sky. I rushed to the basement door of the empty house, picked the lock and got into the dark hall just as Tony descended the stairs. He passed me, and went down into the cellar leaving the door ajar. I crept to the door, peeped down and saw that he had lighted a stable lantern. Its glow showed me that the cellar was fitted up as a regular counterfeiters' den, for it contained an engravers' bench, a hand press and a box of paper cut banknote size. On the floor were cans of colored inks. He took a number of printed bills from a drying rack, stuffed them in his pockets, and dismantled the plant. In the floor of the cellar a trap door was uncovered, made of cement, and into the hole disclosed he put his apparatus.

When it was covered no one could have detected its hiding place. Just as he picked up the lantern I jumped in on him. We had a terrible fight in the dark, for the lantern had fallen and went out. He gave me a thump on the head, half stunning me, and broke away, but I revived and raced after him into the back yard. He was scaling the fence when I appeared and aimed a gun at me to fire, when I yelled at him to halt. I had no time to draw my automatic, nor was there any shelter behind which to dodge. I saw that he was desperate, and meant to shoot me and as he was a dead shot, I imagined my last moment had come. But to my astonishment, there was a sudden lightning flash in the clear moonlit sky and I saw the streak of electric fire touch Tony's head, knocking him off the fence almost at my feet as dead as a doornail. I was greatly excited by the strange occurrence, for one so rarely hears of lightning on a moonlit night with no storm in sight, that I could only attribute its cause to some strange freak of nature. Of course, we got the plant, the notes in Tony's pocket verified my suspicions that he was the maker of the Iamaqua fives, and we soon after rounded up and imprisoned the rest of Strapino's gang.

GEORGE H. MORRIS.

QUEER.

During the war five of us were caught in a dugout and sent up a carrier pigeon for aid. The bird was blown away in a storm and landed on the window sill of a Fre[nch] teau far back of the trenches, and a young lady got [the] age. She hapened to be my fiancee who was [in] French schoolmate, and had been unable to get [to] America. The note I signed was her first intima[tion] I was in the army in France, and as I had given ex[act] rections, she got an automobile and had no trouble [in] help, and saved us from almost certain death. We [were] married.

H. K[ing]

A SOUND SLEEPER.

What do you think of this for a strange expe[rience] dreamed that the devil was chasing me up a hill, and [had] me with his pitchfork every time I lagged. I was [al]most I woke up to find the house on fire, and a policeman [was] me with his club to arouse me and get me out. To [this] I don't know which was worst—the dream, or the [rough] handling that cop gave me.

E. L[ewis]

The recent disclosures of a wonderful atomic force [are] tioned by Sir Oliver Lodge in England brings to mind [an] venture I once had that is worth publication. It [happened] when I was quite a young man. I was employed by a [firm] in analine dyes in a small town not far from New [York]. They had a chemist who had a laboratory half a mile [from] our office and works and it was my frequent duty to [call] him with messages from the president of our company [each] day, as usual, I was sent over to Baker's office with a [note]. When I met the old chemist, I noticed that he had been experimenting with his chemicals, and had a decided [air] cited air about him. He read the note, flung it aside [in] ferently, and pointing at a crucible in a furnace, [asked] if I knew what he was doing. Upon receiving a negative [re]ply he added: "I'm transmuting lead into gold. Last [week] I discovered the secret for which all chemists have been searching for many years, and the discovery is going to make me very wealthy. I'll be the richest man in the world." Thought he was joking, I laughed, and asked: "Then why don't you let me share your prosperity by showing me how you do it?" "I will," he answered. "The formula is written out, and I'll give you a copy of it. I was just about to try the experiment with the chemicals in that heated crucible, by adding the liquid in this measuring glass, when you entered and interrupted me."

"Well, finish the job," I answered.

He picked up the glass and poured its contents into the crucible, when there was a sudden glare of light, a cloud of smoke, and a violent explosion that shocked me clear across the room. When I recovered from the shock I found the mangled remains of the chemist lying amid the debris of the wrecked laboratory, and explained to the firemen who arrived, what had happened.

"The man must have been crazy," was their verdict, but this estimate was later corroborated by the chemist's wife, who said he had been acting like an insane person for several days past. I was not much hurt, fortunately, and the formula the chemist had written proved to be a mass of meaningless rubbish, and threw no light on the composition of the chemical in the crucible, nor that in the glass. But certain was that when the two liquids were mixed, they formed an explosive compound of terrific force which nearly snuffed out my life. This is the strangest experience I ever had, and you may rest assured I do not want any more just like it.

WILLIAM HARTNE[LL]

VOLCANO IN ERUPTION.

Mauna Loa volcano on Hilo Island burst into eruption nearly the same spot as the eruption in 1916. Two columns of lava or incandescent gases are visible from observatory, which is located at a4,000 foot level. The cano is situated on the summit of Mount Loa, a 13,00[0] peak.

CURRENT NEWS

ON THE COD CANAL.

urner within a certain belt of territory lying across would be likely to be immensely surprised some day king out across the land he saw emerging from betch of woods and then making steadily on right country a tramp steamer or maybe a three-masted or perhaps a yacht or a tow of barges. He would this greatly for a moment, thus to see vessels proraight across the fields, but then it would strike the vessels he was looking at were in the Cape Cod canal itself invisible from his point of view.

lly the most interesting of all the canal sights is see- New York boat go through at night. This is some- in summer, in fair weather, many people flock see, coming in automobiles and afoot, including dwellers having houses in this part of the cape. e greater part of its length there is a road along of the canal, these roads at some points coming se. The canal is crossed by two great highway ne at Sagamore near the earstern or Massachusetts and the other at Bourne, near the western or Buzend. Each bridge has a life span that is opened to ats through.

ew York boat, on its way from Boston, enters the setts Bay end of the canal along about 8:30 P. M. at hour the roads have begun to stream with autohnd the bridges have begun to fill with people who e afoot to see the spectacle. Many of the automoew the canal along both sides going from their nt point on one side and back on the other. Many park one of the bridges, some park along the way.

astern end, right near Massachusetts Bay, where the irs, there is a bend along which the boat comes first, hull is out of sight, but along which, from the Sagaidge, you can see, a mile or more away, her masthead ng along slowly but steadily as the vessel progresses; a few moments the vessel herself, all lighted, apne turns into the straight mile stretch from the as she turns she throws down along that stretch the bridge the bright beam of a searchlight, and comes on slowly, with just movement enough on her r steerage way making for the open draw, upon searchlight is always playing.

comes nearer you begin to see the passengers walkon her decks, which are all flooded with light ric lamps out of sight overhead, under the protecting he boat comes nearer you can very plainly see every they make as they walk leisurely, viewing the canal. people on the banks and in the automobiles and on s regard with keen interest the boat and them. She er and closer, and now she is actually entering the moving very slowly. You can't hear her propellers; in perfect silence.

minuts later she is clear of the draw and moving a r." Then the crowd on the Sagamore bridge dis- New York Herald.

THE PERCUSSION CAP.

ome time after the discovery of powder before the was invented, supposedly by a monk named Berthold about 1325. The combination of gun and gunpon became popular and they had some inconvenached to their use. After the gun was loaded it was to apply a lighted match to the vent hole to set off e. It was difficult to aim and fire with precision. wind made the use of the gun almost impossible. enturies there was comparatively little improvement s. The first great advance was the invention, in he percussion cap. This was rendered impossible by ery of substances which would ignite or explode on jected to friction or a blow. Chief among these s are fulminate of mercury and chlorate of potash. was discovered about 1786 by Count Bertholiet. like saltpeter, contains a large amount of oxygen which it is ready to give up. It gives up its oxygen much more easily than saltpeter, however, as any blow or friction will start trouble if the chlorate is mixed with an inflammable substance. A mixture of sugar and chlorate, or of sulphur and chlorate make violent explosives.

After these chlorate mixtures were discovered it was found that by placing some of the substance in the pan of a gun and allowing it to be struck by a properly constructed hammer, the gun could be fired with more certainty than with the old flint lock. Afterwards fulminate of mercury was discovered. This substance was soon found to be suitable for making percussion caps, and it is today used for this purpose to such an extent that it is one of the most important of explosives, in spite of the fact that it is used only for the purpose of starting the explosion of other substances and never used by itself. It is a grayish powder, extremely sentitive to shock or friction, and very dangerous to handle. When it is ignited or exploded it always goes off with extreme violence. For this reason it seemes it be particularly suited to act in starting the explosion of relatively inert substances such as T.N.T.

DIFFICULTIES OF SOUNDING AN ASPHALT LAKE.

Acording to the Engineering News Record, July 17, 1919, recent borings made in the asphalt lake on the Island of Trinidad have reached a new low level record of 150 ft. The previous record, made in 1893, was 135 ft. On both occasions the asphalt was found to be of uniform character throughout. Great dififculties attend any attempt to sound the lake, as it is in constant although almost imperceptible motion. The pressure of the mast of asphalt against the drilling apparatus causes it to bend, and the deflection makes further boring impossible. After completion of the test the hole was observed to shift at the surface 25 feet in six weeks. The movement was shown to exist to a depth of 100 feet, and there was evidence that the direction was reversed at a depth of from 25 to 50 feet. The movement of the asphalt is believed to be similar in many respects to the ascending and decending cutrents in a kettle of boiling water.

PUNCHES A RUSSIAN BULLY.

A certain Russian bully learned something about American woman that will lurk in his memory for some time through an encounter a few days ago with Miss Annie Laurie Williams in the freight yards at Omsk. Miss Williams' name will be familiar to many New Yorkers as a welfare worker. She is now with the American Red Cross and was one of those twelve women chosen to remain behind when the others were hustled out of Omsk by the American ambassador to Japan, Roland S. Morris, to escape a posible Bolshevik invasion.

The Russian was attempting to climb aboard a car in a refugee train in which were several girls. The girls were trying to shut the car door against him when Miss Williams appeared and grappled with the intruder. She managed to land two blows on his jaw and then they rolled together down the embankment. As they arese she gave him another.

Two Czech soldiers then came to her aid and, but for Miss Williams' intercession would have finished the bully, who was eventually allowed to retreat and ponder on the strange ways of American women.

EDUCATING THE ELEPHANT.

Elephants are generally considered mild and docile creatures, yet trainers of animals say that these qualities are developed in the elephant only after it has been taught that its keeper is really its master. The creature's education cannot even begin until this unwholesome fear has been instilled into him. Th following instance illustrates the severe course of training that elephants are compelled to undergo before they are sufficently well-behaved to associate with their fellow performers in a circus.

Late in the autumn one year a circus agent purchased four

elephants and shipped them to the United States. On arrival they were taken to headquarters of the show and safely bestowed for the night. One of them, named Pompey, an enormous beast eight feet in height, seemd to object to his new abode and broke the chain that confined him, butted down a door and rushed into an enclosure where there were a dozen docile elephants. He charged at one of them—Helen—and the two engaged in what is the elephantine equivalent of a "hand-to-hand" conflict. They trumpeted and hurled themselves together, the shock rocking the whole building.

The combatants were so deeply engaged in their encounter as to pay no attention to the other elephants, and it was therefore possible for the keeper to drive the herd into another enclosure. Then the chief trainer, who had many years' experience with elephants, entered the lists armed only with an elephant hook. He ordered Helen back, and the animal obeyed; Pompey, deprived of his opponent turned on the man. Then a brief but thrilling conflict ensued resulting in the chaining of the elephant. This, of course, was accompanied only with the assistance of other keepers, who had remained at hand.

All this occurred on a Monday night. On Tuesday morning began the task of subduing the refractory Pompey. Preparations were carried forward on an elaborate scale. Four hawsers were passed through the immense pulleys attached to the beam of the room. Then a set of harness, resembling an enormous shawl strap, was with difficulty fastened about Pompey's neck. At the end of three hours he stood forth in complete armor.

These preliminaries concluded, twelve men now grasped two lines of rope that went through the pulleys, and before Pompey could realize what was happening, his hind feet were lifted six feet above the ground and his forelegs were doing double duty. The big beast grew more and more angry, and try to tear off the belting, but a chain passing between his forelegs and round his shoulders effectually prevented that. Then his forefeet were lifted in like manner. So through the day, Pompey was forced by turns to seesaw and hang suspended in the air.

The treatment was continued during the next two days, but Pompey was still too vicious to be carelessly approached. In the meantime an anchor had been sunk five feet in the ground in another part of the quarters and covered with earth an iron ring only being exposed. To this ring Pompey was fastened and while he was, in all probability, congratulating himself upon the fact that he was once more standing on four feet, those four feet were pulled from under him and he was thrown down upon the straw. The operation was continued at intervals, Pompey becoming more and more dejected. While he lay prostrate the chief trainer stepped over his body from time to time so the animal might realize the caus of his subjection. Next morning he was thrown down again, when he at once gave utterance to loud cries of despair. He was conquered. His master ordered him to get up, and he obeyed, walking quietly into the room when he had broken from, and seemed to have no further idea of rebellion.

OWNERS FOR 500,000 PIECES OF BAGGAGE.

In their hurry to get back home from France, the American doughboys forgot or lost something like 500000 pieces of personal baggage, and the government, with the co-operation of the Knights of Columbus, is making an effort to find the owners of this mass of barrack bags, trunks, bedding rolls, suitcases and other nondescript pieces. Much of the baggage contains souvenirs such as German helmets, sabres, shells, love letters and pictures of home folks. Most of the baggage has been carefully sorted under the direction of Colonel R. R. Pickering, and several great piles of it are now on the army piers at Hoboken.

To obtain a lost article the following directions should be followed:

Describe all the markings and writings on the baggage, give name of regiment to which attached, and the last place where the baggage was seen. Enclose the blue stub detached from the declaration paper and write to the Knights of Columbus, Lost Baggage Department, No. 561 Fourth Avenue, New York city. If found the baggage will be forwarded promptly, no matter where the owner may live.

A HANDY GLUE POT.

You buy a bottle of glue, remove the tin cap, use some of the glue, and then replace the cap. In a week you wish to use the glue again. The cap sticks, and because it does not fit properly the glue has hardened by evaporation. Your fingers become smeared, and if you are pasting a clipping or a letter the glue becomes a nuisance.

Whittle a wooden stopper to fit the bottle snugly. Insert a spreader in it. Hold it over a lighted candle to wood; let the hot candle wax drip over both stopper, then hold the stopper well up over the will heat the wax and cause it to soak into the w you have waxed the stopper fit it carefully to the bottle and leave a shoulder on the upper end. T again.

With such a stopper the glue will keep indef fingers are protected and the spreader is always a it is part of the stopper itself. The paraffin preven from getting a hold on the stopper and the stoppe glue airtight.

GREAT OIL PAINTING.

The great painting offered by the Pope to cor the completion of the new codification of the can exhibited to him by the painter, Antonelli, recen a ceremony was made of the exhibition, which room set aside as a studio for the painter in the vate apartments. The Pope was accompanied tendant prelates and his old valet Faggiani, who him as priest, Archbishop, Cardinal and Pope. A Simoni, the later being collaborator in the deco received the Pope at the door.

The canvas is 18 feet long and 12 feet high XV. is represented seated on the throne with the lay dignitaries of the court around him. Beside stand the fourteen Cardinals who worked on t canon law, as well as the various lay jurists en them. There are thus over 5 persons depicted on

The figures are all perfect likenesses of the pers is expected the picture will be completed within fiv

The painting is to serve as a model for the gre the Pope has ordered from the Vatican School o Because of this th painting is placed within a g designed by Simoni on which are portraits of the h took an important part in the making of the canon

TIBET'S CURIOUS CUSTOMS.

Recent despatches from Pekin stating that Great Britain have entered into an agreement u Tibet is to be given autonomy under Chinese sov call the troubles of that ancient country so filled ous customs and hold places, during the early present century, particularly the grief of Dalai L of the land and religious head of the Buddhist fa British expedition under Sir Francis Younghusband the country from India in 1904 and fought its way city of Lhasa. The Welai Lama was so overcome that the "feet of infidels had trodden the streets bidden city" that he fled the country and for many a wanderer in the provinces of northern China. however, he returned to Tibet and was again the Chinese with all of his ancient powers.

Thibet is populated by a branch of the Mongolian although the Dalai Lama exercises the ruling and real power is the Chinese Vice-Regent, the coun been under Chinese domination for many years. ago the Chinese Foreign Office offered to grant t autonomy, and this proposal is now understood t approval of the British government, which has alw that Tibet remain a buffer state in Asia and not the control of any of the great European powers. arrangement is understood to place the Tibetans o footing with the other races and countries of the public and wil relieve the Chinese of the task of country in order. It will also realize the Britis keep Tibet as a buffer state between India and Ch

From almost any point of view Tibet has alway of the most curious countries on the globe. It is tensive elevated country in the world, occupying some 750,000 square miles in central Asia bound north by Chinese Turkestan and the barrier of the Altin-tag and Nan-Shan mountains, on the south Burma, Assam, Bhutan, epal and British India west by Ladakh and Bultistan (Little Tibet) and by China proper. The elevation of the country 8,000 to 14,000 feet and its climate is principally cold, although in the south the summers are usuall pleasant. It has a population of between 2,000,0 000,000, the principal city and capital, Lhasa h 20.00 souls. The religion of the inhabitants is Bud they are very devout, the entire country being o monasteries, or lamasaries, in some of which dwe as 4,000 monks.

For many centuries Tibet was a forbidden coun is probable that no white man ever entered the city

ancis Younghusband fought his way into the place hereafter several travelers managed to penetrate ntry, with considerable difficulty and at great dan- ird tales were brought out of the curious customs curious countries on the globe. It is most ex- an Hedin for information concerning Tibet. He expeditions into the country in 1906, 1907 and s work during those three years ranks among the vements of exploration. He obtained enormous pite of the efforts of Tibetan, Indian and Chinese prevent him from getting into the country.

raveler who brought out some information about was the Rev. D. F. McGillicudy pastor of St. hurch of Worcester, Mass., who penetrated into 906 In giving his impression of the country Dr. said:

lation is a mixture of Chinese and Tibetans, the ig intermarried to a great extent, and at the same ave solved the problem of population. Their solu- olyandry or polygamy.

om of disposing of dead bodies is strange, for their t to bury bodies in the earth is to contaminate y therefore slice the flesh from all bodies and he birds. I witnessed this service for two bodies. s skillfully cut away all flesh and after drying ulverize them and feed them to vultures.

ples used for centuries are still standing and are ing affairs. In front of many of them are stumps ered with butter in which the devotees stick their coins. I went into several of the temples and took the interiors, showing the altars and the queer of- the lights, which are always kept burning."

CHINESE DENTISTS' DARK DAYS.

hinese can boast that nothing is new to them and e arts and sciences are old stories in China, it is hat for operations in dentistry an American or a would hardly care to go to a Chinaman. Despite . the Chinese have not been slow in recognizing rity of American dentistry, although there are dhere strictly to ancient methods, and it is t every year one or two Chinese densists of the ome to the Chinese quarters of every large town until their customer have had their teeth "put in

is ludicrously primitive. The operator extrects all hins fingers, and it must be admitted that his suc- ishing. From youth to manhoon he is trained to om a woden board. This training changes the as- hand and gives the student a finger grip amazing th, equivalent, in fact, to a lifting power of three ndred pounds. For toothache he employs opium, oil, connamon oil and clove oil. He sometimes but does is so bungingly that the fillings stay in months.

nt of superstition runs through all the work. Ac- he system all dental woes are brought on by tooth e nerve pulp is such a worm, and is always shown nt. For humbugging purposes also the dentist in his pocket some white grubs, and after he has tooth he shows a grub to the sufferer as the cause oouble.

AZING DUCTILITY OF PLATINUM WIRE.

s one of of the most ductile of metals, therefore to draw it out into wires so fine that they can een. The American Museum of Natural History n on platinum, in which it says that a single troy s metal can be drawn out into a wire about 1800 which would stretch from New York to Fort

it is drawn so fine, is this: A wire of platinum is gold; this wire is then drawn out to the fineness against it is coated with gold and again drawn process is repeated as often as necessary the gold and the platinum wire remains.

THE MOST ANCIENT EGG.

re the war began, during excavations in the ancient m, under the auspices of the Archaeological Soci- nce, there was found a hen's egg which was esti- have lain buried in the earth for something like nturies.

cum was built by Drusus the son of the Roman gustus, in the year 14 B. C. Upon the site of the nan castrum or encampment near the city the ex- cavations in questions brought to light many interesting relics, including some water cisterns of Roman make. It was in one of these, which was located some twenty feet below the surface, that a damaged Roman claypot was discovered, containing the shell of a broken egg, and also a whole egg that had been kept from being smashed by a shred of the damaged pot which covered it. The ancient egg was deposited in the municipal museum.

RESCUES HIS BROTHER.

KANSAS—Clyde Kellums, an employe at the Salina brick plant the other day, went into a deep pit to loosen some dirt that had caved in. Seeing an opening in the pile or dirt he placed his hand in it. He felt a pair of human legs. Glancing up, his discovered that his brother, Perry Kellums, was not at his post of duty. Workman began digging out the man. The city pulmotor was sent for and everything made ready to resuscitate the injured man when he was rescued. The man under the dirt was Clyde's brother, and aside from having some body bruises he was uninjured. He was soon restored to consciousness, but he had a narrow escape from death as he had not been missed until his legs were discovered by his brother.

FIGHT BETWEEN CAT AND A RATTLESNAKE.

NEW YORK—William Lessig, gateman for the railroad at the grade crossing east of the bridge over the Ramapo River, tells of a battle betwen a rattlesnake and a cat.

Looking up the tracks, Lessig saw a rattler four feet long winding its way toward the river. He picked up a club, but, he declares a cat pounced onto the back of the snake.

The snake fought desperately and succeeded in getting in a sting which caused the cat to release it hold and crawl away to die. The snake also died.

Changing colors at will is a property of certain mammals, and it is found that in the fishes under observation in a biological laboratory in a certain university in this country such change is possible when changes of surrounding conditions are made. The fish selected for the experiment were common green killifishes or salt water minnows, which ordinarily in daylight have a light gray color. This in the dark becomes almost black, as was demonstrated by placing the fish in a darklined dish. If the fish were placed in a porcelain bowl in the light it would become much paler, even though the illumination was the same. That the color was at the control of the fish was demonstrating by severing the spinal cord of one that had undergone the observed changes in a normal manner. In this case the posterior part remained absolutely dark. The light affecting the fish's eyes was found to be responsible for the color changes, as these did not occur after cutting the optic nerves of fishes whose changes had been normal.

A lodge pin and grip saved the life of a Chinese merchant of Parral when Francisco Villa's troops captured Parral some months ago, according to a sworn statement made by the merchant to the American consul here upon his arrival from the interior recently.

The Chinese merchant refused to permit his name to be attached to the statement for fear he would be killed if he fell into Villa's hands. He swore that he saw three of his cousins dragged through the streets of Parral by rebels and burned at the stake.

A demand for $5,000 was made upon him threat of death, the merchant said. He told the Villa colonel he did not have this amount and was about to be ordered shot, he said, when he noticed a lodge pin on the lapel of the colonel's coat. The merchant said he belonged to the Chinese organization which was similar to the one which the officer belonged to and they exchanged handshakes. The ransom was reduced to $2 000 and he was finally permitted to go.

Since the year 1891 the State of South Australia has erected 29,148 miles of vermin fences, enough to encircle the world and with the remnant build a double line of fence along the southern border of the United States. New South Wales has within its borders 98,000 miles of fence.

Of late years the rabbit has been paying his board. He goes to swell the total of food exports from the Commonwealth. Along the country roads rabbits may be seen hung on the fences awaiting the rabbit cars that convey them to the packing houses to be prepared for shipment as frozen meats and hides. During the year for which figures are at last available Australia imported frozen rabbit and hare to the value of $1,400,444 and skins to the value of $3,000,000.

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ABOUT PLAYING CARDS

Playing cards were first used in Asia. Seun-ho, a Chinese emperor, who flourished to pass some of his leisure agreeably. C troduced into Europe by Arabs, Jews, and tal races, before the thirteenth century. brought them to Spain and Italy, whence them spread to Germany, France and E Stadtbuch, of Augsburg, published in 127 report that "Rudolph I. amused himself cards and other games." In Italy cards early as 1299; in France in 1393. The mentioned were landsknecht in Germa quenet and piquet in French. The marks German cards were hearts, bells, leaves The court cards of the early packs were k and knave. In time the Italians substit for the chevalier. In the sixteenth cen called trumps was played in England—a lieved to have been the forerunner of wh ious card games were the inventions of di on suggesting the main points of a gam from time to time, advising changes, whi adopted by the mass of players.

NEW THINGS

Street railways in England have been with a compound rail, the worn portion be renewed without interfering with the

Triangular writing desks that fit a cor have been designed for residences.

Statement of the ownership, management, of the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, MAGAZINE," published semi-monthly at New October 1, 1919. State of New York, County o Before me, a Commissioner of Deeds in and county aforesaid, personally appeared Luis having been duly sworn according to law, de that he is the Business Manazer of the "MY ZINE," and that the following is, to the best o and belief, a true statement of the ownership etc., of the aforesaid publication, for the dat above caption, required by the Act of August bodied in section 443 Postal Laws and Regulati

1. That the names and addresses of the p managing editor and business managers ar Frank Tousey, Publisher, 168 West 23d St., N Editor—Luis Senarens, 168 West 23d St., New Managing Editor—None. Business Manager 168 West 23d St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: Frank Tousey, West 23d St., New York N. Y.; Harry E. Wolf St., New York, N. Y.; N. Hastings Woff, 168 New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgag security holders owning or holding 1 per co total amount of bonds, mortgages, or othe None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above givi the owners, stockholders, and security holders not only the list of stockholders and security appear upon the books of the company, bu where the stockholder or security holder ap books of the company as trustee or in any relation, the name of the person or corpora such trustee is acting is given; also that the graphs contain statements embracing affiant's and belief as to the circumstances and condition stockholders and security holders who do no the books of the company as trustees, hold sto in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide o affiant has no reason to believe that any other ation, or corporation has any interest direct o said, stock, bonds or other securities than as so

LUIS SENARENS, Busine

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st d 1919.—C. Warren Hastings. (My commission ary 18, 1921.)

PREHISTORIC TREE IN AN IRON MINE.

scovery has just been made in the Holman iron mine, near ite, Itasca County, Minn., not far from the source of the ssippi River, of the trunk and branches of a prehistoric tree in an excellent state of preservation and with pine s about it.

e tree is not petrified. The wood is as sound in the main ough it had been felled only a few years ago and the cones are still pliable. The wood, with exposure to air, not softened or crumbled, and the find is the first of its on record, so far as geologists of the great iron ranges learn.

U. S. DEVELOPING VIRGIN ISLANDS.

hese islands have been materially developed in some since they were purchased by the United States from ark less than two years ago. Now that peace has come slanders are looking forward with great hopes of further opments in the future, especially with regard to the or of St. Thomas.

he islands are under the control of the Navy Depart- and the administration of the naval officers and their ions with the local legislature, called the Colonial cil, have won the friendship of the inhabitants. The rev- s of the islands are not sufficient to meet their require- ts and the Navy Department has appropriated annually 000 for public works and the general upkeep of affairs. ed with the frequent visits of American men-of-war and pending of much money by the forces stationed on the ds, the naval authorities have endeavored to give aid in y way.

atives fill public positions where possible, and many are ving and preparing for any other opportunities that may

The hospitals have been improved and remodeled by rs of the Naval Medical Corps and the American Red has provided furniture and fixtures. Young native are being trained as nurses. A start has been made in ng useful professions to pupils of the public schools. r sanitary conditions and a proper water supply are furnished.

he present Governor, Admiral W. Oman, has held recep- which all classes have attended. The people have rican soda fountains and restaurants and the national of baseball has supplanted the English game of cricket. are three bands composed solely of natives. War-time bition is in force.

enerally, the islanders are showing a lively interest in ican ideas and customs. Evidence of this is the enthusi- celebration of such national holidays as Decoration Day ndependence Day, when the people join with the authori- n patriotic exercises, such as saluting the flag, parades ther celebrations unknown heretofore.

e same laws and methods of governing the islands as the Danish regime still exist. Lack of change in this ct is attributed to the war. There is some dissatisfac- and agitation among local political aspirants who want ican laws and customs to be extended to the islands. conservative men do not share in this agitation, but hat the necessary change will be made in time when ss has decided what form of government the islands ave.

BELGIUM NEEDS CATS.

lgium, which is far ahead of any of the European erents in the process of reconstruction, is in great need

e necessity is "urgent," says the National, which adds "during the war we had no cats, but we had no mice . They all died of hunger. Now that food is more iful the mice have reappeared in thousands. The result t a dollar is being paid for a kitten."

BURGLARS TAKE HAM.

gh cost of living has changed the methods of thieves urglars in Dallas, Tex. Instead of stealing jewelry and ware, burglars are stealing shoes, hams, eggs and bread. g the past week fifty persons whose houses have been arized have reported the loss of shoes and foodstuffs, ound their valuables intact.

"With shoes selling at from $12 to $30 and a ham worth $5, it is no wonder that thieves prefer these to a piece of silverware," say the police. "Then the burglar can sell the shoes without suspicion. He gets $5 per pair for them, and if he happens to grab eight or ten pairs while folks are at the movies he has done a good day's work. You can't identify shoes after a second-hand dealer has them five minutes. Folks will have to put their extra shoes and their food in the safety vaults of the bank if they expect to keep them these days."

A GIANT SUN

Canopus, the giant of the solar system, is, according to a recent calculation, 49,000 times as bright as the sun. Its diameter is 134 times that of the sun; it is 18,000 times larger in surface, and 2,420,000 times larger in volume. The distance of it from us, according to this calculation, is 489 light years.

"Suppose," says another authority, "that instead of being at this enormous distance it were placed in the centre of the solar system, in lieu of the sun? It would then occupy .85 of the space lying within the orbit of Venus, and as seen from the earth would subtend an angle of about 70 degrees of arc. Thus, when its lower limb was on our horizon, its upper would be within 20 degrees of the zenith. Needless to say, no life could exist on earth with such a neighbor."

FOE STOLE 8,000 BELLS FROM ITALIAN CHURCHES.

There is a bell famine in the Venetian provinces. Nearly 8,000 church bells, so needful in the regulation of the country and village life, were carried off by the enemy. They weighed in all 3,000 tons. Only twenty have been recovered. The Italian government promised to partly replace the missing bells by giving churches bronze cannon taken from the enemy, but so far only a few promised guns have arrived.

All the missing bells were of high artistic value. The new ones can never compete with them.

Nearly a hundred are known to be in a military store in Bologna, but all efforts to cut red tape and get them back to their proper churches have been vain. Thousands of peasants have to guess when it is time for mass.

LIVELY TIME WITH A PYTHON.

The crew of a British gunboat in Eastern waters once had a lively time looking after a python on board that had escaped from its cage.

Besides the python there was on board a big Borneo orang-outang. The python, which was nineteen or twenty feet long, having dined heartily on a deer about three weeks before, began to feel its appetite returning, and in searching its box for a place of egress, found one side in bad repair. It did not take long for that python to come through the weak part, and, quite unobtrusively, it begun its perambulations around the boat.

Seeing the orang-outang chained up a few yards off the big snake invited itself to a dinner very much to its taste. It would have been all over with the orang-outang had not the quartermaster at that moment made the discovery that the two pets were about to be merged into one. He promptly cut the orang-outang loose.

The latter was up the masthead before any mischief could be done and a lieutenant, the owner of the orang-outang, the quartermaster and a member of the crew flung themselves upon the hungry python—one at the head, another at the tail and a third in the middle.

Then the excitement began, for the python wanted to get one of the aggressors nicely in its coils, and the men were determined that it should be kept out in something as nearly approaching a straight line as possible.

For a minute it was the Laocoon group all over again, only in this case the three men and the snake were sprawling over the deck instead of standing upright in a classic attitude.

Re-enforcements, however, arrived in hot haste and about twenty bluejackets, each embracing a foot of python, reduced the reptile to comparative quiet. The procession marched back to the python's box, coiled the creature inside and shut it up. But the orang-outang sat aloft in the masthead a long time before he came to the conclusion that he was not the menu for the day.

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